Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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The Maine Farmer.

N. T. TRUE, S. L. BOARDMAN, } Editors.

Our Home. Our Country, and our Brother Man

Canning Fruits.

We briefly spoke of canning fruits a year ago, but as many farmers do not seem to understand the principle on which it is done, and as there are many methods, or rather, not the best methods practcied, we shall give a fuller explanation both of the philosophy and practice of the thing, so that any person can do it.

Air is expanded by heat. A cubic inch of air may be heated so as to expand to many cubic feet. Or, to give a simpler illustration; if a room twenty feet square should be entirely destitute of air, and you could set free a cubic inch of air within it, it would diffuse itself equally through the whole room, but it would then be exceedingly rare, so much so that fruits would keep in such a room as effectually as if canned up in jars. If now, you take a bottle and heat it, the air inside will expand and be nearly all, or quite forced out of the bottle, and if the bottle be suddenly stopped as soon as it cools there will be almost a perfect vacuum formed. But had you left the bottle open the article air would slowly have filled the bottle as before. Now the object of canning fruits is to expel the air from the vessels and seal them up before the air returns. With these simple explanations, which we think every one can understand, we proceed to give the directions for canning fruits for family use, and we shall make use of the commonest materials which are within reach of every family.

Collect all the common glass bottles, gherkin bottles, small jugs and jars you can find, have them thoroughly cleansed, and leave no old corks in them. It is not necessary to buy expensive jars for berries. In fact, we prefer a common junk bottle for these. Fit your cork before hand. A common cork is large enough usually to be cut in two, and it will be all the more convenient. Suppose you have raspberries. Scald your berries in a clean kettle, a porcelain one is best. Only bring them to a steady heat so they will settle together. Now put some cold water into a flat-bottomed kettle, a copper wash boiler is best, and put in your bottles without the corks and let them become well heated by a slow fire so the bottles will not break. When well heated, take a bottle by the neck with a cloth so as not to burn your hands and with a teaspoon fill the bottle with your scalded raspberries. A little practice will teach you how to do it rapidly. Set the bottle back in the water of your kettle which need be no more than four inches deep, and when you have set in as many filled bottles as you have room for, raise the temperature of the water to the boiling point, and continue it till you see the steam coming out of the bottles. If you filled your bottles to the neck, the liquid will expand and run out of the bottle. This is right. Now have your sealing-wax ready and melted in an old dish. This should be made of ten parts of rosin, one of beeswax, and one of tallow. Enough may be made to last several years. Have a little swab ready. Now grasp the neck of a bottle with a cloth in your left hand, and if it is entirely full of liquid, pour out a teaspoonful so as to give room for the cork, put in the cork, and immediately cover it with sealing wax, and drop on, or let some one else do it, a few drops of cold water and cool the sealing wax as rapidly as possible. This is an important point, for as soon as the bottle is taken out of the water it begins to cool, and the air is forced through the crevices of the cork with immense force and the process is frustrated, but by dropping on the water you suddenly harden the wax, and prevent the air from entering. Your raspberries are now canned, and may be set away in a cool place in the cellar. Many farmers advocate putting sugar with the berries when canning them, but we see no advantage in it, if they are canned as they should be. Strawberries are an exception. Their extremely delicate character renders it very difficult to can them, and the best way is to use pound for pound of sugar. In the way we have described, you may can all the different kinds of berries, grapes, and tomatoes, with half the trouble of preserving them and at less expense, and with no further care after once canned, than to eat them when you feel inclined, which will be pretty often in winter and spring. We have found raspberries and ripe currants actually better after being canned, and to our taste there is nothing better than well canned raspberries in March. Ten quarts of raspberries will supply an ordinary family with a nice dish twice a week for three months. We know of nothing that can add so much to the pleasures of the table at so cheap a rate as canned fruits in winter. The practice, we know, is becoming more common, and we want every one, even the poorest, who can find a junk bottle, to fill it with berries and save them for winter and spring. How gratifying they often prove to a sick member of the family, and how nice it is to have a bottle to carry to a sick neighbor. In canning tomatoes, they should be scalded, the skins removed and put into your wide mouthed vessels.

It is truly wonderful how much science has done for us to render us more comfortable, to furnish us with luxuries which heretofore have been out of our reach. A half a day spent in applying the simplest knowledge of a scientific character to the canning of fruits may furnish us with luxuries during the winter that kings could not once possess.

The Horse Hoe.

We were struck the other day with a remark made by Granville Kimball of Bethel. He stated to us that with the aid of one of Chandler's horse hoes, four men had hoed eight acres of potatoes in two days, or in other words, each man had hoed his acre of potatoes a day. Mr. Kimball is one of our best farmers and not apt to do things by the halves, and we receive this fact of the value of the horse hoe as one of the greatest benefactions bestowed upon the farmer. The use of improved agricultural tools on our large farms will soon render the labor of farmers really delightful. We heard a young man recently remark that if he could have the mowing machine, horse-rake, horse-pitchfork, horse hoe, planter and digger, he should love farming, and well he might. Never before was the horse so valuable an aid to the farmer as now, and the high prices of labor demand that every one should purchase as many improved implements to save his own labor and make his horse perform it, as possible.

Propagating the Black Ash.

In reply to a correspondent at Bangor we would state that the black ash, and indeed other species of the ash, grow readily from the seeds, and as they produce an abundance of fibrous roots the first season, they are easily transplanted, even after they become of considerable size. It succeeds best on low, wet soils.

AMERICAN CATTLE. We are pleased to learn that a new work on "American Cattle" from the pen of Lewis F. Allen, editor of the American "Short Horn Herd Book," will shortly be published. Mr. Allen's thorough knowledge of the subject, as well as his long practical experience and extensive observation eminently fit him for the important task of preparing the work, which we can most unhesitatingly recommend.

Finishing House Interiors.

We have long been convinced that our native hard woods, the walnut, cherry, birch, ash, butternut, &c., which are susceptable of a nice finish and high polish, should be used much more generally than they are, for finishing the interior of our houses. Pine, the wood almost universally used for the purpose, is no only becoming scarce and expensive, but is at best a cheap looking finish. After a room has been finished with pine, it must be painted with two or three coats, and have an extra coat once in one or two years, to look decent. Then there is another objection to rooms painted white or a light lead color, especially if the rooms are much used—they soil easily, show the dirt and dust readily, and need cleaning certainly twice a year. This house cleaning is not only hard work but it is very wearing to the paint, and some quite economical housekeepers think it about as cheap to paint twice a year as to clean house twice a year. Again, many object to such light rooms, and have them grained in imitation of black walnut, oak, &c. This soon wears off presenting a semi-shabby appearance to the room.

Now all these objections may be overcome by using some of the woods mentioned above as an inside finish. With the exception of black walnut, all the varieties stated are quite common throughout our State. Cherry, it is true, is very rarely of sufficient size to form boards of much width, and it is less common than the other kinds; but there upon nearly all farms a few black cherry trees, so old as to be of little use for the fruit, which might be of value for the purpose we are considering, and could not be put to better service. The wood of the birch is fine grained, and much of it is highly ornamental. Both the white and brown ash, are also desirable for interiors, while the butternut, although not so common as some of the others, is second only to the chesnut, which is now extensively used as an interior finish in boats, cars, stores, hotels, &c. The only objection of any force, which applies to these woods for the above purpose, is that they are rather hard to work. This, however, taking into consideration their beauty, durability and applicability, is of little moment. As to cost, we are sure boards of these woods could be obtained as cheap as pine, taking into account the extra expense of painting, which the last named wood will require.

We are glad that these woods are beginning to be quite extensively used as an interior finish to dwellings, and are sure they will soon completely take the place of pine. Brown ash was used by J. A. Bicknell, Esq., Postmaster of this city, in finishing two or three rooms in the substantial dwelling erected by him last season on Western Avenue, in this city, and has given the most perfect satisfaction. Its color is considerable lighter than walnut, it admits of a fine finish, and gives a light and cheerful appearance to the rooms: not sombre as is apt to be the case where walnut is used, nor too glaring, as is the case with rooms painted white, but just that lively, cheerful tone so desirable in all apartments where human beings pass their happiest hours.

We confess we were never so thoroughly assured of the beauty of our native hard woods for house interiors, as after having visited the elegant residence of Walter Hatch, Esq., recently erected by him in this city. We may also mention, likewise, in this connection, that the house is most thoroughly and completely built throughout, and has, we are sure, the most perfect system of plumbing ever introduced into any private residence in the city. The sink in the kitchen is provided with hot and cold water, as well as the bath-room on the second floor, and water is also introduced into all the chambers above. It first comes into the cistern in the cellar, and is sent to a reservoir in the attic by means of a force pump. The arrangement of all the rooms at once suggests that they are made to use, not to keep shut up, or entered only occasionally. But the great beauty of the house consists in the fact that not a single inch of pine wood, or a brushful of paint has been applied to the finish of the rooms, with the exception of the doors, which are grained to imitate the kind of wood used, and which, we think ought to have been of the same wood as the finish of the several rooms. Black walnut has been used to finish the parlor and entrance hall, butternut for the sitting-room and dining-room, and ash for the kitchen. The choice of woods could not have been better made, and their beauty, durability and appropriateness for the several rooms can only be fully appreciated by witnessing them.

We will add but a single word to our appeal for a reform in this matter of finishing house interiors, and that is, the wood should be completely seasoned before being worked. It should be sawed cut and placed under cover at least two years before it is wanted for use.

Cheese Making---Query.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Will you please inform me through the columns of the MAINE FARMER, how to make good, soft, buttery cheese. Will alum or saltpetre improve them. If so, how much would it take for a good sized cheese. I am a beginner and need a little instruction in the cheese art. A READER.

Exeter, July 21st, 1867.

NOTE. we copy for the benefit of our correspondent, from Flint's "Milch Cows and Dairy Farming," the statement of Mrs. Williams of Windsor, Mass., who received the first premium at the Franklin (Mass.) County Fair in 1857, for exceedingly rich, fine, and delicately flavored cheeses of seventy-five pounds each. Her method, which is the result of her own experience and observation, corresponds almost exactly, with the English way of making the famous Cheddar cheese, which is much the same as the Cheshire. If any of our lady readers know anything of the use of alum or salt petre, will they communicate their experience for our querist's benefit. Mrs. Williams' statement is as follows:—

"My cheese is made from one day's milk of twenty-nine cows. I strain the night's milk into a tub, skim it in the morning, and melt the cream in the morning's milk: I warm the night's milk, so that with the morning's milk, when mixed together, it will be at the temperature of ninety-six degrees; then add rennet sufficient to turn it in thirty minutes. Let it stand about half or three quarters of an hour; then cross it off and let it stand about thirty minutes, working upon it very carefully with a skimmer.—When the curd begins to settle, dip off the whey, and heat it up and pour it on again at the temperature of one hundred and two degrees. After draining off and cutting up, add a teacup of salt to fourteen pounds. The process of making sage cheese is the same as the other, except adding the juice of the sage in a small quantity of milk."

State in Strong.

We examined a slate quarry last fall on the farm of Mr. J. B. Knowlton in Strong, which had been opened, but not below the region of frost. Its favorable aspects led us to advise Mr. Knowlton to open it to a greater depth this season, and we learn that he has done so and finds a slate of excellent cleavage for roofing, and of very handsome appearance. It proves to be very tough, has a sharp ring, and punctures and trims well. We are glad to record this fact for it always gratifies us to learn of any discovery which will lead to the development of our natural resources. This quarry belongs to the same geological formation and belt as the Brownville quarries, and is only eight miles from the railroad at Farmington.

Result of Manuring.

It is not uncommon to see the effects of manuring by the rank, heavy growth of grass which succeeds a crop of barley sown upon corn ground, in places where the manure was applied to the hills, while in other parts of the field the grass will be very short and thin. Very often, one can trace the rows and hills of a corn field, in a field of grass two years after it was applied to the first crop.

We lately passed a field of grass growing near the road side, which, from its uneven appearance looked like the waves of the sea. It was not a hard matter to account for this somewhat strange condition of the field. It had been top-dressed last fall, and where the heads of manure were dropped from the cart before being spread, the grass was tall, of a dark green color, thick and growing; while, receding from the place of the heap on all sides, it grew shorter and thinner, and in consequence if its weak, thin growth, was somewhat dried up. In the former location the grass would probably yield one and a half tons to the acre, and upon the latter not half as much. Had the entire field received as much manure as the places where the heaps were left, it would have shown the benefits of top-dressing completely—and it did as it was.

Animal Life.

One of the striking facts pertaining to animal life, and one which every tiller of the soil has noticed, whether as a gardener, an orchardist, or more general farmer, is the great multiplicity of animal life seen in one season and an almost extinction the next year. The year 1866 was remarkable for the great numbers of red squirrels in Maine, and other New England States. They abounded everywhere. Every house had its squirrels and every fence had them as occupants. This year we have not seen one. Last year the caterpillars covered the apple trees with their nests. This year we have seen but a single nest. We have not seen a cut worm the present year on our corn or in our garden. Thus by a wise provision of an all ruling Providence, these pests which, if allowed to increase from year to year unchecked and like the waves of the sea are bidden,—"Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

THE CHEMICAL NEWS. A republication of the London *Chemical News and Journal of Physical Science* has been commenced in this country by W. A. Townsend & Adams, 434 Broome street, New York, and all lovers of science will rejoice at the prospect of obtaining this celebrated publication in monthly numbers at $2 50 per year. The price of the original edition in this country would be $12 00, and the above is an exact reprint of the English edition. It will make a yearly volume of nearly seven hundred pages.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Early Times in Maine---No. 5.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

Th County of Somerset came into existence in 1809, in an unpropitious time and under unfavorable circumstances. The embargo laid by our government had suspended navigation and vessels in the harbors were rotting at the wharves; commercial enterprises and business of all kinds were prostrated, and the public mind divided as to the necessity of war; party spirit was inflamed to a high pitch. The establishment of the county, at that time with a population of but eleven thousand dispersed over so large a territory, poor and in debt, with no one within its limits having any practical knowledge or experience in the management of county business, was by many deemed premature and opposed. The embargo of 1812 was followed by war with England three years, adding to the distresses of the community. The price of all foreign articles of necessity and comfort rose to an unprecedented price. The price of labor on which many in our new towns depended for the support of their families, was very low, or but fifty to seventy-five cents a day, wages of privates in the army seven dollars per month only.

The war was followed by the cold, unproductive seasons of 1816-17. In 1816 there was frost in this county in every month during the summer, and two inches of snow in June, and no corn was raised in the county. The price of flour at Hallowell, then the market town on the Kennebec, was sixteen dollars Many families suffered much, and small taxes were collected with difficulty and much delay.

Mr. Ware and others in the shire town contributed liberally to accommodate the county, not only to furnishing county buildings during the first eleven years, but also to defray expenses and to the erection of a new court house, and the town furnished a very eligible lot for the court house gratis. Every thing was done that could reasonably be required to relieve the county from expensive appropriations during fifteen years. The county was organized with an empty treasury, without credit or resources of any kind, and soon became embarrassed with debts which had to be provided for by loans and money obtained out of the county for many years. In 1820, the county succeeded, through the agency of two citizens of Norridgewock, in obtaining, by compromise, eight hundred dollars of county tax which had been accumulating during ten years on the million acres payment having been delayed on account of incorrect assessments. This sum was appropriated as the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a new court house; other sums were contributed and a tax raised to a limited amount to complete it, and the house erected during the year. The superintendent, who had spent a great part of his time during the year in attending to and overseeing the work and made no charge, was allowed a gratuity of twenty dollars by the Court of Sessions, with thanks of the Court; this sum he appropriated to the purchase of the bill, retaining the thanks.

At the first term of the C. C. C. Pleas holden in the house after it was completed, November 1820, Judge Stebbins, who presided, expressed himself highly satisfied with the convenient situation and the accommodations of the house; commended the officers of the county for their successful efforts in erecting so fine a house with such limited means and with so much economy; remarked that "Somerset, the daughter of Kennebec, and the grand-daughter of Lincoln, had excelled both of her maternal ancestors in erecting a suitable house for the accommodation of her Courts, a house worth all four of the court houses in those counties put together, and had set the old counties an example worthy of imitation." He invited the jurors, officers of the court and members of the bar, to join the Court in a public dinner, commemorative of the event, which was agreed to, when speeches were made by the Judge and strangers present, commending the good taste of the citizens of the county in locating their shire town and for erecting their county buildings in the manner they had done, in the beautiful village of Norridgewock.

In June, 1821, the first term of the S. J. Court was held here by Hon. Prentiss Mellen, Chief Justice; Hon. Wm. P. Preble and Hon. Nathan Weston, Jr., Associate Justices; (no better Court ever existed in Maine.) The Court was attended by Hon. Erastus Foot, Attorney General; Hon. Simon Greenleaf, Reporter; Hon. Thomas Rice, Benjamin Orr, Timothy Boutelle, Reuel Williams, H. W. Fuller, Nathan Cutler, Hiram Belcher, and others, a galaxy of legal talent, from other counties; all seemed pleased with the beauty of the place and the superior accommodations. Judge Mellen was enthusiastic in his commendations. "Everything about the place," he said "was delightful, the commodious laid street lined with beautiful trees, older than the shade trees in any other village in the State, except those in the town of Warren, where trees were planted in 1801, by the same person* who projected the planting here in 1802. Everything was still, quiet and orderly; no place could be better adapted to the holding of a Court. The Court was not annoyed by horse racing, by the noise of saw mills or machinery or the hum of business. There was nothing to call off the attention of jurors or witnesses, or to interrupt the deliberations of the Court." The business of the Court was all satisfactorily attended to; both jury trials and the law in the several cases, the opinions of the Court announced, and the Court adjourned on the third day. Since that time important additions, alterations and improvements have been made to the court house. The fire proof vaults en-

* William Jones, Esq.

larged and made more safe, the roof altered and slated, and expenses incurred to near double the amount of the original cost. Every thing is now safe and convenient.

When the county was first established, its great extent of territory on which new settlements were made required much cost and time to locate and make passable new roads, and when assessments were laid on lands of non-resident proprietors for opening roads, payment was often delayed, and our new and inexperienced county officers were much annoyed. The county has been divided and subdivided so that it is not half so extensive now as it was originally. That part of the million acres which was formerly in Oxford, was, in 1819, added to the northwest corner of this county, and six towns on the east border of this county have been annexed to Penobscot. In 1837, eight towns in the west part of the county were set off to form the county of Franklin, and at the same time ten towns then in the northeast part of this county, and all the unsettled territory of the county lying north and east of the east line of Norridgewock, was set off to form the county of Piscataquis, and part of the unsettled territory again set off to Aroostook. There are now twenty-eight towns in the county and thirteen plantations, containing 36,517 inhabitants by the last census. Fourteen of these towns and all the plantations, containing 18,541 inhabitants, and all the unsettled lands, are situated nearer to Norridgewock village than to Skowhegan village. There is now no unsettled territory east of Norridgewock to form any town or plantation from. To correct some erroneous statements respecting this town and its municipal affairs, I will state that the village is provided with a large and well built meeting house, recently rebuilt and provided with a superior bell and a good organ, and will seat five hundred persons. That stated preaching has been sustained therein during the last fifty-two years; a Sabbath school is well sustained, one hundred and ten reported present at the last Sabbath, and thirty absent. A good and convenient school house to accommodate eighty scholars, stands within fifty rods of the court house, in which a school is well taught a great part of the year; number of scholars reported fifty-five attending summer school; whole number, one hundred and four. The church and the school house, the pride and boast of New England, are not dishonored in this town. Not less than sixteen of the present generation who were residents of the town, have graduated at Bowdoin or Waterville college. The course of instruction in our town schools has always been of a high grade. A respected Judge of the S. J. Court received his literary education at our village school. W. ALLEN.

Norridgewock.

NOTE. We publish the above communication because we have recently inserted several articles of an historical character in our journal; and the more so as it is the concluding article of a series of papers published in our last year's volume. It should have appeared before, but got laid aside among the papers in our drawer.—EDS.

For the Maine Farmer.

Culture of Winter Wheat in Maine.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—For many years past I have been strongly impressed with the notion that Maine was not developing her resources in the simple duty she owes to herself in the all important article of *bread*. I have thought that your farmers might be stimulated by an act of the Legislature, offering ten or twelve cents bounty on every bushel of winter and spring wheat they may raise, to bring it more nearly up to fit to the State, and I will give such reasons as I deem practicable and sound, why your farmers should grow more wheat, especially winter wheat.

1st. The natural soil of Maine is of better average quality than any of the other New England States, the evidence being in the primitive growth of her timber and the heavy yields of grass which little manure obtains.

2d. Maine has the superior advantage of never failing snows, acting like a warm blanket, so needful to the uniform preservation of the grain, while on the Western prairies, with little snow, the wind blows off the light soils and exposes large quantities to winter kill, by leaving bare the roots. The deep snows of the West of the past winter has given most efficient aid in producing an immense crop of wheat.

3d. Maine clears and burns large tracts of land annually. Farmers sow rye but never winter wheat. They are warranted in obtaining as many bushels of wheat—which is worth double in cash at harvest time, what the rye is worth.

4th. Maine has equal advantages with the British dominions geographically, and in the character of her soil, and a vastly more thrifty, industrious people. They raise a large amount of wheat, while the farmers of Maine are sleeping over their broad acres of good wheat land.

5th. Maine has a population of six hundred thousand souls. We will estimate a barrel of flour for each at twelve dollars per barrel. Here is the snug little sum of seven million two hundred thousand dollars, which goes annually into the pockets of Western farmers out of the pockets of farmers in Maine. I will not venture to make figures on the corn bills, which are large.

Having referred to some of the features and advantages of your State, it would seem to me there is great neglect of duty in growing wheat, while in the other three branches of cereals, (rye, barley and oats,) you have such complete success. The wheat crop is as sure as any other, and can be produced as cheaply as rye. You have the double advantage of spring and winter; not so with other crops, as spring rye is of little value. My experience of six years in Massachusetts, and the growing interest and success there, now warrants me in urging your farmers to begin at once to raise their own bread.

Rolling on descending lands are best for wheat. I succeeded best on mowing land. Plowing in the grass stubble with the roots reversed is about equal to a dressing of manure. I prepared my seed always in brine, say one half peck salt to six pails of water; let it lie over night, then rake it in wood ashes or slaked lime on the barn floor; sow two bushels to the acre, plow or cultivate from three to four inches deep. The salt pickle and ashes being fertilizers, the grain comes up very quick. Sow from the 20th to the 25th of August in Maine. It is extra hazardous to omit sowing until the middle or last of September.

Winter wheat is as hardy as rye. To guard against winter killing it, it must get a good depth of root and growth before the ground freezes. My own experience in six years practice with an average result of twenty-five bushels to the acre, convinces me that Maine can supply all her own wants with flour if the farmers will adopt the above rules and go to work in earnest. The same rules will apply to spring wheat; selecting the dryest, warmest land on the farm for this. Winter grain makes by far the better flour and is less liable to mildew or rust, it being some weeks in advance of spring sown wheat. It is less liable to be attacked by the midge. With confidence and trust in "the God of the harvest," the farmer should make the earth his seed bed and pray for the sunshine and rain to fill his store house and granary. There should be no faltering nor paltering with duty. Begin to try the virtues of your own soil that lies under your feet. Eighteen to twenty dollars per barrel for flour have been the lessons of the past year. This God blessed grain grows in every clime where civilization exists. Why not in the State of Maine? Because there has been no effort to do so. Shall this inactivity longer remain? HENRY POOR.

Brooklyn, L. I., July 21st, 1867.

NOTE. We trust the above earnest appeal to our farmers will receive their thoughtful attention, and that they will at once set about putting its teachings into practice. *We can* raise winter wheat in this State, and it only needs the active, persistent, united efforts of all our land owners, to supply our own commonwealth with bread and free us from our present bondage to western farmers and speculators. Let every farmer in Maine try an acre of winter wheat this season.—EDS.

For the Maine Farmer

An Argument for the Woodpecker.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I think that "S. N. T." can prove to his satisfaction, if he will examine his trees and the pecking of the woodpecker that it was not him that destroyed his trees, but a worm under the bark of the tree. If he will take pains to examine his trees and the works of the woodpecker, he will find that the bird in question is only looking out for himself. It alights on the tree and listens to hear where the worm is at work, then he taps the bark and takes possession of his prize. If there was no food under the bark of his trees the woodpecker would certainly let them alone. This is my belief. H.

Monmouth, July 20th.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Advance in Practical Agriculture.

Who can look back over a period of forty or fifty years, or even half that time, and compare the present mode of agriculture with that then existing can fail of seeing the great progress that has been made? Compare the profit gained from the same farm twenty to fifty years since, with that gained at the present day, and generally it will be found doubled, and frequently trebled or more; as a necessary result, our farmers are growing more easy in their circumstances, if not rich, and this increase of wealth by agricultural industry, is steady and altogether unprecedented.—This addition increases the value of our lands, so that in many instances it has been quadrupled or more. These facts should act as a double stimulant to those who are following in the old beaten track that their ancestors pursued, to break away and engage heartily in the work of progress and improvement. The farmer should adopt as his motto "Excelsior," and be satisfied with nothing short of the attainment of the result sought.

To what is this improvement in practical agriculture mainly indebted? I answer to increased intelligence. Our farmers labor no harder at the present day, if as hard, as formerly; they read more, reflect upon what they read, and apply the knowledge so gained to practical purposes; for the ideas which lead to this increased knowledge, there can be no question but that we are mainly indebted to the circulation and reading of agricultural journals. These journals, circulating in all parts of our country, have done and are doing an untold amount of good in the way of disseminating intelligence.—the modes of practice in the raising of crops, breeding stock, etc., in other countries as well as our own, together with the results of experiments in particular modes or treatment of soils, crops, etc. Is the worth of these journals as generally appreciated by those who read them as it should be? I think not to the extent it ought to be; yet no one can read them without in some measure following their teachings, and unconciously they are made to operate to great effect, without being credited with their just due, so that unquestionably wherever these journals circulate, agriculture thrives in proportion to the generality of the circulation. Not only is the one who subscribes for and reads the paper, benefitted, but his slower neighbor, seeing what is the result of better management, gradually falls into the track; but not for a considerable sum would he have it said that he was a "book farmer," for with "book farming" he says he will have nothing to do; "he does not believe in it;" but as sure as his neighbor who does believe in intelligent farming, grows better crops, has better cows, cattle, or hogs, he is very anxious to avail himself of his neighbor's experience; thus instead of being the one to advance anything new, or run any risk of failure, he, feeling unwilling to be too far outstripped, copies from the one who is willing not only to advance his own interest, but at the same time the interest of the whole community; for it is a fact, if only one person in a community steadily pursues an onward improvement in any line of business, his neighbors, seeing his prosperity, become desirous of sharing therein, and begin by remotely following and gradually adopting all that has cost the originator much study and anxiety, as well as time and expense. The influence that an agricultural paper exerts upon a community of farmers is great, and is gradually, though perhaps slowly, revolutionizing the agricultural world. I could name farmers who patronize an agricultural paper and endeavor to improve upon its teachings, who in the years since taking such papers, have made great improvement in their practice; they manure heavier, plow deeper, drain more, and in general adopt a more thorough system of culture. Not only that, but where they had little or no fruit, except a small quantity of the most common, and that poor, they now have some of the better kinds, in bearing, with a good supply of the most approved varieties adapted to their soil, growing, which in a few years will furnish a surplus aside for the wants of their own families. The appearance of their fields and places greatly improved generally, and this result is largely due to the teachings of their agricultural paper.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Recent Varieties of Grapes.

A. S. Fuller, author of a work on grapes, and favorably known for the independence with which he expresses his opinions, refers as follows to several varieties of comparatively recent introduction, in Woodward's Record of Horticulture for 1866:

Grape culture is to-day upon a firm basis, and its progress, as a whole, certain. Whether we have any variety or varieties that may be relied upon for general cultivation, and which will give general satisfaction in all sections, is at least doubtful.

For a market grape, the Concord is probably the most popular variety known, and the award of the Greeley prize to it will make it more sought for than heretofore. The Concord is superior in some respects to anything we have, but in others it is very inferior. It is very hardy; very productive; leaves tough and firm; seldom affected by mildew; fruit large and handsome, but not best in quality, and skin so tender that it frequently breaks in handling.

CATAWBA.—This has long been, and still is, a favorite in regions where it can be successfully grown. It has few superiors in beauty or quality, and is well worthy of any extra care and cultivation.

DELAWARE.—No new developments in regard to this variety have appeared. It is still the very best in quality, requires the best cultivation, and liable to mildew in many locations, while in others it is entirely exempt. Well worthy of a trial everywhere.

IVES' SEEDLING.—This is much prized at the West as a wine grape; and judging from the several specimens which we have received from that section, we think it deserving of all the laudations that it has received. It makes a dark red wine of much body The vine is an excellent grower, and so far has been free from disease. Promises to be a superior variety for the West and South.

IONA.—This is still claimed to be the best of the newer varieties, and probably is one of the best where it succeeds; but that it will thrive over a wider range of country than many others is very doubtful. We hear of just about as many failures as we do of successes, therefore we conclude that it is one of those kinds that may do admirably in one garden and soil, and fail with equal care in another near by.

ROGERS' HYBRID, ISRAELLA, ADIRONDAC, CREVELING, and similar varieties, appear to maintain the position they occupied a year or two since; that is, they succeed better in New England and through eastern and central New York and in portions of Pennsylvania than elsewhere. They do not appear to be planted extensively anywhere, the vineyardist preferring to experiment more before planting in large numbers.

Taking Care of Children.

Sarah C. Meade, Kingston, Wisconsin, writes if mothers had to depend on doctors to cure their young children very few children would be raised. I would like to speak a word for the benefit of the "little ones" by telling their mothers who read the "Club Reports" of my simple mode of treating their little bodily ills. When they complain of aching head and limbs, if it be attended with fever, or for nearly all other ailments, I never neglect them more than half a day; if the attack is likely to be severe, seldom more than half a minute. I commence by bathing the body all over in tepid water, then put the feet in water as hot as can be borne for a few minutes; they are then put to bed in a still room. Wring out a cloth in cold water and lay upon the forehead. Sitting near, I reach underneath the cover and commence to rub the body gently all over with the hand, which I continue for half an hour, or until the circulation begins to grow natural and the skin to glow with a gentle perspiration. If they feel inclined to sleep, I leave them to their own quiet slumbers. Should they suffer on awakening, I repeat the operation of rubbing. Children used to this treatment are as eager for it generally as they are for a drink of water, and are unwilling to give the attendant any rest until they feel relieved or restored. Nothing will be lost, if, in pursuing this course, a physician be not early called. Nature is very kind. She will be grateful for non-interference; she is her own silent, ministering messenger, and she lifts the vail of delusion from before the eyes of her weeping children. It is best always to give early attention to a child's ailments. Neglect not the golden moments. There are other little needs that might be administered, such a drafts on the bottom of the feet. A mother's instinct, together with her judicious judgment, will be her guide in all these little remedies. They will be like dew to the parched lips. They will save years of mourning and rivers of tears. They will remain through the years of their loveliest innocence. They will enter the sweet spring time of life, till finally they depart to that silent abode—the "beautiful beyond."—*Transaction N. Y. Farmers' Club.*

Book Farming.

Doubtless there are shallow books and foolish articles in newspapers about farming, just as there are foolish farmers; but as there are wise farmers so are there wise books and able articles on agriculture,—helping greatly to still broader wisdom, and still more skillful practice.

We are social beings and like to tell each other what we are about. A good farmer leans over the fence to rest and talk with his neighbor, and they tell each other the *what* and *how* of their crops. It's a cheery talk, and they learn mutually. This is a day of newspapers and books. One of these farmers thinks to himself some wet day, "I'll write down how I raised that big crop of corn and send it to the newspaper"—and he does it. When it is in print it is only that talk over the fence dressed up a little for a larger audience, and a good many learn by it instead of one.

Some man, skilled in using words, and with more time and means, writes, a book of his experience and experiment on some branch of farming. "Like produces like." If he is a sensible man it will be a sensible book—just a longer talk over the fence, made more systematic and fixed up to see good company and a good deal of it. Farmers think a good deal in these days, and with growing thought comes talk, writing, systematizing, scientific research, labor-saving and skillful work. A workman without thought is a blind giant striking and tugging in the dark: an intelligent workman is a trained *athlete*, whose every blow goes home, whose every motion is swiftly efficient to its end, and who wastes no power.

An oyster may think a little, in a slow faint way, but they don't have printing presses and telegraphs on the oyster beds. A man thinks broadly and swiftly, and must give and take of the fruits of work and thoughts with his fellows.

A farmer is close to Nature, and all her realm of wonderful laws, and subtle and persistent forces, and a myriad facts or phenomena. He tends toward Natural Science, and begins to see that the farm and garden offer ample scope for the best culture of brain and the finest scientific education, and that the old notion that a dull boy might stay on the farm and a bright one go to College to fit for some "learned profession" was a mistake. *Right in the soil* is the place where the best education can be put to excellent use, and pay in wealth of life as well as wealth of purse. Thus books and journals on farming and its kindred fine arts of fruit growing and gardening grow naturally out of these *thinking times*, and are the means, indispensable as well as inevitable, by which we tell each other what we know.

The benefits of rotation of crops, crossing of breeds in stock, underdraining, keeping and increasing needed constituents in the soil to produce certain crops, and sundry other important matters, which are comprehension and application of Nature's Laws—Scientific Farming—are becoming well understood and well applied. Book farming has helped in all this, and will help more, and we shall comprehend and practice things dimly seen now—as for instance this matter of the protecting and equalizing influence of forests and groves on crops and climate. So let book farming—the record of experience, the interchange of thought—go on, only let sagacious common sense and clear insight rule.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Larch---(*Larix Americana.*)

The larch is classed by botanists among the Coniferæ or cone-bearing trees, which are chiefly evergreen; but as this sheds its leaves in autumn, I have placed it here among the deciduous trees The leaves are very small and thread-like, resembling some of the pines. The seeds are borne in small oyoid cones; ripe in autumn. They should be treated the same as evergreen tree seeds—i. e., sown in a half shady situation or in frames; tree a tall, slender grower; wood valuable, where light, straight timber is required. It is also valuable for fuel, but burns rapidly. The trees should always be cut in winter or early spring and the bark taken off; unless this is done, it will decay very rapidly. Grows naturally in low grounds, in nearly all of the Northern States as well as in the Canadas.

The European Larch is a much more valuable tree, and should be planted in preference to the native species, as it thrives on dry soil and grows to a larger size, and the timber is much better. A volume might be filled with accounts of the many plantations which have been made of the English or Scotch Larch.—Thousands and tens of thousands of acres have been and are still being planted in Scotland and other portions of Great Britain with this tree. These plantations have proved to be valuable investments, and in many cases—in fact, we might say in most of them—land that was of no value for ordinary farming has been used for this purpose.

Thousands of acres are now lying waste near our seaboard cities on which Larch would grow rapidly, and every tree is, and ever will be, wanted in every seaport. The Larch makes excellent spiles for docks, or for the foundations of buildings which are built in low, wet grounds. That it will last for ages when covered with water or driven in wet ground we have abundant proof. Larch spiles have been taken up in Europe where it is positively known that they were driven more than a thousand years ago, and yet they were sound and uninjured. Who will be the first to make a plantation of Scotch Larch on the barrens of Long Island or New Jersey? The seeds can be obtained of any of our seedsmen, and almost any quantity, if the order for them is given a few months in advance of the time they are wanted.

I have noticed the larch at length, and more particularly for the purpose of calling the attention of those who own large tracts of the sandy soils of our Eastern States than for Western men, as there is more demand for it here than at the West; besides, we have such an abundance of land on which very few other varieties would grow rapidly enough to be as profitable as this. It should also be remembered that a plantation of larch would improve the land instead of impoverishing it, as the annual crop of leaves deposits more nutriment than the tree takes up, a fact well known in countries where this tree is extensively cultivated. —*Fuller's Forest Tree Culturist.*

The Mange.

Is a cutaneous disease, and contagious. If in a large herd, a single animal is attacked, it is seldom that any escape. The diseased cattle should be removed to some distant stable at once, where there can be no possible communication with the others.

The symptoms are a dry dandruf or scurf about the roots of the hair, attended with severe itching and inflammation, inducing a violent rubbing. It is first seen abot the tail, and thence spreads in every direction.

The causes are various. Over-feeding or under-feeding will produce it. A sudden change from the lowest diet to the richest will bring it on in its worst form. Filthy stables, and want of cleanliness about the animals themselves will produce it, but not so readily as improper feeding. The treatment to effect a cure is simple. Prepare an ointment of three gills of spirits of turpentine, three-fourths of a pound of flour of sulphur, and oil enough to reduce the whole to a thin plastic unguent. Rub this in gently with the hand or a soft brush—the hand is best, and there is no danger in doing it. Whale oil is disagreeable to use on account of its smell, and linseed oil is of too drying a nature. The best oil perhaps, would be new butter, before being salted; this would be sweet, soft and penetrating. This mixture could be kept in a tight vessel for years, and would prove an excellent remedy for the "mange," as well as for several other cutaneous and contagious diseases to which cattle are subject.—*New England Farmer.*

The Cornell University.

The first of Cornell University buildings at Ithaca, N. Y., is now nearly finished. It is an enormous edifice of bluestone and Medina sandstone, not unlike in its architectural feature, the palaces of Italian Florence. Five other similar residences are to be erected in rapid succession. From the site of the University, Cayuga Lake may be seen stretching away to the North for a distance of thirty miles. Back of the buildings extends the great farm given by Mr. Cornell to the University. The grounds are much varied in their surface, and afford an admirable scope for genius of the landscape gardener. Frederick Law Olmstead, to whom the New York Central Park is indebted for its wonderful beauty, is to be entrusted with the arrangement and decoration of the University estate. The institution will be opened for the admission of students in September, 1868. Several of its professors are already chosen. It is confidently expected that the number of its pupils will reach a thousand within ten years The endowment when all the lands bestowed upon it by the general government shall be sold, will hardly fall short of four millions. Its wealth will then be treble that of any similar instit

The Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Aug. 1, 1867.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER, $2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

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☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us *the name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to his request.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

Mr. V. DARLING is now engaged in canvassing the county of Penobscot, for the MAINE FARMER.

Mr. JAS. BURGIN will visit our subscribers in Lincoln County during the month of August.

Co-Operation.

The word itself is suggestive of strength and power. It gives assurance of aid, and is but a new rendering of the old proverb "in union there is strength." Poor men, men who labor and are dependent upon their two hands for all they have, may, by a well considered system of co-operation, become independent and strong, able to free themselves from the bondage to capitalists under which so many laboring men, in all occupations of life, are now writhing. And the system of business which the word heralds, applicable as it is to all the leading interests of mankind, is one which promises new hope to the laboring classes of our country. The reform it has wrought among the laboring classes of Germany and England is already being felt in this country, and we see not but it will create as great a revelation among us as it has in those countries.

The principles of co-operation, which do not depend upon the solvency of any political or social theory, are applicable to almost every employment in which men labor—particularly to mercantile pursuits, the manufacture of numberless articles of universal use of which the demand exceeds the supply, and indeed all the various departments of industry, other than farming. Co-operation takes the profits of business out of the hands of speculators and middle men, who are able to control the wages of laborers, who, on the other hand are obliged often, to work for very small pay, and divides it equally among the men who labor, giving them not only better wages, and a surer market, but a fund from which they draw a stated dividend, and which eventually becomes sufficient to enable them to establish libraries, lecture rooms, and all the means of educational and social elevation and improvement, always denied to laboring men and women who have not the means to secure, although they have the ability to enjoy their advantages. It therefore insures to its associates steady work, gives a fair, equal and sure payment for whatever labor is expended, induces in the habits of all its members a constant and tangible economy in every branch of expenses, increases self-respect and reliance among workmen, and places them in a position to enjoy tenfold more of the social and intellectual advantages of life. Are not these sufficient to commend the system of co-operation to the earnest attention of every laboring man and woman in our country?

The object of "co-operative stores," as stated in the little pamphlet with this title noticed by us last week, is to furnish their members, for the use of their own households, with the necessaries of life, unadulterated and of good quality, for immediate cash payment, and from the profits of this sale to accumulate capital for each individual member. Each member pays a certain amount which entitles him to a share in the society. There are no assessments; every member pays ready cash for whatever is purchased, and receives his proportion of the dividends. As an instance of how easy it is for one to lay up a considerable sum in this way, an example is given in the above named pamphlet, taken from the records of the Rochdale (England) Store Society, by which it appears that without paying out a farthing beyond the first shilling, and exclusive of a withdrawal of thirty dollars, one man realized in ten years the sum of $477,50, simply by making his purchases at the stores of the Co-operative Association of which he was a member.

The only drawback to the complete success of this system, as we have before intimated, is that men who are untrustworthy will get control of it. But this can in a measure be guarded against in every community where all the members are personally known to each other; and no man should be elected to any position of management, in whom the members have not the most complete reliance, who is not himself a member, having a mutual interest in the success of the Society, and able to give all the security the members require.

Capitalists and speculators may conspire to thwart the work of co-operation, but they can succeed only for the time being. The welfare and elevated condition of too many of the toiling men and women of our common country are involved in it, to bring about its failure by such a cause. In the words of one of the most sagacious, far-sighted and candid of our great men, versed in commercial pursuits and political economy: "We sadly err if co-operation be not destined to brighten the history of our age, and improve the condition of labor throughout christendom."

CALIFORNIA FLOUR. Who would have believed in 1850, that flour would be brought from California and sold in almost every village in Maine. Such is the fact in the year of our Lord 1867. A quality of flour made from wheat grown in a dry climate, and harvested and ground into the most beautful flour, and free from injury from heat and moisture. Only think of it, ye who say the world is not progressing. The great Pacific slope will in due time, send us other articles besides flour and the precious metals. As soon as the railroads cross the great mountain chains that separate the East from the West, we shall find that the special wants of each will be supplied by the other, as the case may be, and a new trade will spring up between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts in a thousand things now not thought of. California may have a year of famine—what a glorious opportunity for the dwellers of the Mississippi valley to supply their wants and reap to themselves a golden harvest. It would be well for our business men to watch the signs of the times, study the wants of the western shores of our country, and be prepared to take advantage of these changes that must certainly occur. We have no doubt that the prices of many articles now raised in the Eastern States will be modified by the improved modes of intercommunication, and he will be the fortunate man who can best divine what those modifications will be, and take advantage of them. The successful man must and will watch the signs of the times.

MAINE PHARMACEUTICAL ASSOCIATION. A meeting of druggists and apothecaries from various portions of the State was held in Portland on Tuesday last, for the purpose of forming a State Pharmaceutical Association. In the language of the call, the ends proposed for this organization are the promotion and protection of trade interests—the improvement and increase of pharmaceutical education and intelligence—the elevation of standing—and all the benefits resulting from organized efforts well and rightly directed. Officers of the Association were chosen as follows: Dr. H. T. Cummings of Portland, President; John G. Cook, Lewiston, Vice President; Chas. K. Partridge, Augusta, Recording Secretary; A. G. Schlotterbeck, Portland, Corresponding Secretary; M. S. Whittier, Portland, Treasurer; H. T. Cummings, H. H. Hay, J. H. J. Thayer, Executive Committee.

The President and Mr. Schlotterbeck were appointed a Committee to draft a constitution and by-laws for the Association to report at an adjourned meeting to be held in Portland on Tuesday, August 20th.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. On Thursday morning last, on the Grand Trunk road, the early express train down came in contact with a broken rail, near the station at Berlin Falls, causing quite a commotion on board. The engine and baggage car passed over, when the rail was forced through the passenger car, causing the two cars to be forced together and broken and stopping the train almost instantly. George W. Fickett of Portland, the baggage master, in attempting to set the brake between the cars, was severely jammed, though it is hoped his injuries will not prove a tal, as no bones were found to be broken.

Peevishness.

There is a certain kind of disposition with which most persons have come in contact at certain periods in their lives. It is that unamiable working and expression of temper to which we give the name of peevishness. Peevishness is that disposition which leads one to murmur and complain of everything and everybody. The tempers of such persons seem to be soured. It is ingrained, so to speak, into their very constitution. It probably arises from an ill constructed physical organization. We think a person is seldom afflicted with this state of feeling that has not some physical defect about them, though we are inclined to believe that peevish people live about as long as anybody. A peevish person is always ready to find fault with everything and everybody. Do ever so well and they will fret because you did not do it differently. A person may be fretful at times, but this generally refers to a single act, a mere outward manifestation of complaining which will soon pass off, but when a person becomes peevish, it is accompanied by a train of other emotions. Shakespeare in one of his characters admirably describes in two lines the whole train of ill assorted feelings that come over a person afflicted with this disorder:

"She is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duly."

A sick child may be fretful, and we can soothe it, or at least pardon it, but when a person has arrived to years of discretion it shows a want of control over themselves that leads them to whine and fret at almost every step they take. Sometimes this peevishness becomes aggravated and the victim is said to be cross. Such persons are vexed and angry at whatever comes before them, and they give way to their feelings, sometimes upbraiding their best friends. This state of peevishness often gives rise to envy and hatred. In truth a peevish person is always envious. The very sight of prosperity in another sharpens up the whole train of venomous mental diseases that prey upon such minds and sting and goad them on to a kind of frenzy which renders its victim miserable, and in turn making all around equally so.

As a general rule, it is not best to dispute with a peevish person. Let them have their own way, and they will talk themselves out in a little while; but if you attempt to argue with them, you only add fuel to the flame already kindled. Whether this disposition to be peevish can be radically cured must depend much upon the character of the patient. If the victim possesses any self-control, he may learn to shut his mouth, and thereby stop his tongue. This is sometimes hard to accomplish, but it is a great victory we acquire when we can overcome any wrong propensity of our natures. The happiness of some persons seems to be of a negative character, just as two tigers act with each a piece of meat. They cannot help facing each other and snarling even while enjoying their dainty morsel. Should any of our readers be troubled with this malady, we advise them to peruse this article, then cut it out and post it up somewhere so they can be reminded of their troublesome disease, and thus cure themselves of what will always make them and every one else as wretched as possible, so long as they indulge in this most disagreeable habit. Such persons, however, should not apply these remarks to their neighbors, but to themselves, and ask themselves at the close of each day how far they have succeeded in combatting this disease.

THE CUSHNOCS AT THE TOURNAMENT. The Cushnoc Base Ball Club of this city will leave here to-day to take part in the Grand State Tournament which commences in Portland Wednesday. The first nine has been re-organized and now consists of the best players in the club, as follows:—D. H. Buel Capt. and L. F.; C. H. Delano, P.; C. F. Alden, C.; W. H. Anthony, 1st B.; D. C. Robinson, 2d B.; G. C. Flagg, 3d B.; J. S. Little, S. S.; C. Potter Ladd, C. F.; B. F. Deering, R. F. In addition to the above the following members go as substitutes: W. T. Johnson, Jr., C. A. Hamlin, H. Eugene Smith, J. Frank Pierce. Beside the Champion Ball the following prizes have been decided upon by the committee of arrangements:—

1st. A beautiful gold medal will be given by Chas. W. Cahoon, to be known as the Cahoon medal. This will be presented to the best general player. 2d. A very handsome silver-mounted bat will be given the player making the best score in the two clubs playing the closing game. 3d. A silver ice pitcher, salver and cup will be given to the best fielding club. 4th. This will be for the best out-fielder, and will be a gold-mounted field glass. In addition to the above, and to create some sport, we presume, there will be presented to the proorest player a muffin bat, an India rubber air ball, a basket to catch the ball, and a pair of kid gloves.

The above players are all in good drill, having recently had considerable practice, and while we shall be very much disappointed if they do not bear off one of the "high prizes," we are sure they will win the respect and admiration of all the citizens of Portland, as well for their gentlemanly conduct as their excellent playing; and prove, especially to the satisfaction of one of the daily papers of that city, that its recent unneighborly strictures upon the club and the place in which its members reside, were entirely uncalled for.

☞ In reference to the statement made by us last week, that the Congregational Society of this city were making an effort to secure the services of Rev. Geo. W. Field of Bangor, the *Whig* says:—"Mr. Field is already settled over a large and prosperous congregation, every single member of which would unite in a protest against his leaving. He is pleasantly situated, can fix his own salary, enjoys to an unlimited extent the love and respect of his congregation, and above all is satisfied. If he were about to make a change it would undoubtedly be to a larger field of usefulness, not to a place like Augusta."

We understand the Society in this city have now unanimously decided not to make any further effort in that direction, it being evident that the services of Mr. Field are still greatly needed in Bangor. He will not be likely to find a "larger," nor perhaps a *harder* "field of usefulness" anywhere else.

☞ Considerable activity in building is observable upon the east side of the river. In addition to the row of five dwelling houses erected by the Kennebec Land and Lumber Company, several other private residences are going up, and building lots are in active demand. Horace B. Cony & Co. have erected a commodious livery stable in the rear of Cony street, which has sixteen open and two box stalls, a spacious carriage room, and other necessary apartments. On the corner of Cony and Bangor streets a block of two stores, three stories high, is being erected of brick by Chisam & Robinson, and P. S. Perceival. The building is 55 feet deep, by 44 feet wide in front and 66 in the rear. In the third story is to be a large hall. The lot next west of that upon which the above building is being erected, is owned by Mr. Nathaniel Noyes, who contemplates the erection of a three-story brick building upon it next spring.

BASE BALL TOURNAMENT. The Grand State Tournament of Base Ball players will take place in Portland on Wednesday of the present week. The *Star* says the Prize Committee from the Eons and Athletic Clubs are making good progress in the preliminary arrangements, and the prospect is there will be six prizes offered, open to all the clubs in the State. One for the best batting score; one for the best fielding score; one for the best base runner; one for the best captain; one for the most home runs.

PERSONAL. On Wednesday of this week, Hon. Nathan Weston, LL. D., formerly Chief Justice of the S. J. Court of Maine, will have attained his eighty-fifth year. He walks our streets daily, as erect and vigorous, apparently as a man of fifty, and while his memory is very retentive and runs back farther than that of any other person among us, he takes an active interest in the matters of the present day such as could hardly be expected in a person of his advanced age.

AN OLD PUBLIC SERVANT. The Kennebec *Journal* says that Daniel Pike, Esq., the faithful, efficient and popular Treasurer of Kennebec County, will in September be elected for his *thirty-third* term. He was first chosen in 1834, and, with the exception of 1856, when by mistakes of town clerks he was counted out, though it was the intention of the people to elect him, has held the office ever since.

☞ The front of the new store now being built by Mr. J. Parsons on the west side of Water street in this city, is completed. It is of faced brick with granite window sills and caps, and white mastic trimmings. Although a little odd, it presents a pleasing variety to the architecture of the street, and as such is much admired.

DISTRESSING CALAMITY AT MOUNT DESERT. On Wednesday morning last a party of ladies and gentlemen left Southwest harbor, Mt. Desert, in a sail boat on a sailing and fishing excursion, stopping at Bar Harbor, about twenty miles distant, for dinner. The party consisted of Rev. R. G. Chase and wife, Miss Haught, Miss Tazewell, Jas. W. Harman, all of Philadelphia; Francis T. Clark and wife and Miss Julia Blake of Framingham, Mass., and the boat was in charge of Capt. Colburn Robinson of Tremont. On their return in the afternoon, when about four miles from Bar Harbor, the boat was struck by a sudden flaw of wind and capsized, and sad to relate, all on board were drowned, except Miss Blake, who was saved after being twenty minutes in the water clinging to an oar. Capt. Royal Higgins of Eden was out in a boat and went to the rescue as fast as he could, but when he reached the scene of the accident all the bodies had sunk for the last time except Miss Blake.

A correspondent of the Bangor *Whig* who was on board the yacht Maggie Mitchell, and was an eye witness to the sinking of the boat, gives the following account of this distressing accident:—

"This forenoon two sailboats, laden with men and women, came round from South West Harbor into Bar Harbor. Gay parties they contained, laughing, singing, and waving their hats, bonnets and handkerchiefs, as they passed our yacht and dropped their anchors near by. After dinner both they and we got under way at the same time to go round to South West Harbor. These two boats, one white and the other red, went out before us and stood far out into the broad but turbulent bay. The wind, at first gusty and fitful, soon increased to quite a gale, coming down off the mountains in very severe squalls. Our own yacht, though a staunch sea boat, was obliged to take in sail. The white boat also shortened sail. Several other boats about us prudently reefed their canvas. The red sail boat, laden with eight men and women and a skipper, still kept on with all her canvas spread, and laboring a good deal in the rough sea.

She was about a mile distant from us, and one half point on our weather bow, when suddenly I saw her lying almost on her beam ends, under a heavy squall, which also forced us into a tight place for a moment. I exclaimed, "That boat will capsize," and hardly were the words uttered when her bows rose straight into the air and she went down into the sea stern foremost. We saw her sails for about four minutes, and then—all was over. The hungry waves had swallowed her entirely. It was impossible for us to render any assistance. A sail boat to the windward ran down to the spot in about fifteen minutes, and though four bodies were seen by her floating on the waves, she succeeded in rescuing only one of them. Miss Blake of Framingham, Mass., had clutched an oar, and at the risk of his own life, Capt. Higgins managed to get her in alive. We were soon at his side, but too late.—Nothing was to be seen amid the foaming seas but an old box. The white boat was, at the time of the disaster, far to leeward, and utterly unable to render assistance or to hold her course, went about, and undoubtedly made Winter Harbor with safety. We returned at once to Bar Harbor with heavy hearts, stunned and confused with the shock of so terrible a sight, and immediately after the arrival of the boat with the sole survivor—Miss Blake—of the catastrophe on board, learned from her the names of the lost and despatched the news by express and telegraph as rapidly as possible."

We learn that Rev. Mr. Chase was pastor of the church of St. Mathias, (Episcopalian) Philadelphia, and Mr. Clark was cashier of the Framingham National Bank. The Boston *Journal* says that Mr. Josiah W. Harman, one of the unfortunate party, was a prominent young lawyer of Philadelphia, and a nephew of ex-Senator Foster of Connecticut. He was on a visit to Mt. Desert with his mother and an only brother.

The Portland *Star* relates the following affecting incident connected with the disaster:—

"When the unfortunate boat was about leaving on her trip, Mr. and Mrs. Clark proposed to take their little girl, about six years old, with them, but the child persistently refused to go, and begged her parents to remain behind. She clung to her mother, and begged her, with sobs of grief not to go. But they regarded her fears as childish, and kindly gave her in charge of friends, and started on their excursion. The little one cried as if her heart would break; and when the steamer left no one had dared to tell her of the appalling calamity. She wonders why her parents have not returned, and runs to meet every boat that comes to the shore, only to return with deep disappointment; and every passing carriage is eagerly examined to see if it has brought back her dear ones. God help that little one in her terrible affliction."

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS. The nomination of Horace Greeley as Minister to Austria was made without his knowledge or consent, and he says he should not have accepted it if it had been confirmed by the Senate. The nomination was favorably reported by the foreign relations committee, but when it came up for consideration Mr. Tipton objected, and one objection prevented action. He was appealed to by several senators to withdraw his objection, but stoutly persisted, giving as his reason that he felt bound in his conscience to do all he could to prevent the government from being represented anywhere by a man whose name is on Jefferson Davis's bail bond. It is stated that there was quite a scene in the Senate chamber while this question was under consideration. Mr. Tipton stubbornly refused to allow a vote to be taken, and the question of confirmation goes over to the winter session. The nomination of Gen. McClernand of Illinois, as minister to Mexico, and Marcus Otterbourg as secretary of legation, were both rejected, as were Gen. Loomis of Michigan for minister to Hayti, and Col. Ward Lamon, the former marshal of this district, for Consul-General at Havana. The nomination of John Natherland of Tennessee, as minister to Bolivia, was confirmed, and those of Colonel Horace Capron of Illinois, as Commissioner of Agriculture, and T. N. Stillwell, formerly a member of Congress, as minister to Venezuela, were sent over to the next session.

THE IMPEACHMENT COMMITTEE. The Congressional impeachment committee have held their final meeting for the present, and have adjourned to the 13th of November, one week before the commencement of the next session. If further evidence is offered it will then be taken. The committee expect to have their report ready on the first day of next session. None of the testimony will be made public till that time if they can prevent it. The evidence taken prior to the adjournment in May has been printed, and is bound in a volume of about eight hundred pages, of which each committee-man has one copy only. The evidence taken since re-assembling on the 26th of June, makes about two hundred pages of manuscript. This, with certain documents furnished on the demand of the committee by the War and Treasury Departments, will be at once printed and sent to the members. The committee will also lay before the House, as material for use in their hands, selections amounting in the aggregate to two or three hundred pages from the New Orleans riot report, the southern railroad report and various other special committee reports. It will be seen, therefore, that there will be not less than twelve hundred printed pages of matter presented as testimony bearing upon the impeachment question.

THE WEATHER during the past week has been hot and sultry, with frequent showers and cloudy weather, which, though interfering somewhat with haying have been favorable to all other growing crops. A great deal of hay yet remains uncut notwithstanding the lateness of the season, and we think the lessons of the present summer have been such as to convince farmers of the importance of commencing haying early, as by this means a better quality of hay is not only secured, but as a general thing we are favored with better weather for hay making. The yield of hay throughout the State will be heavy, while all other crops, with, perhaps, the exception of fruit, which is rather scanty in some localities, now promise the usual abundant returns.

☞ The Congregational Churches of Maine have contributed to the Am. Cong. Union in the last seven years, $5,600.82. Of this the greatest part has been contributed within the last two years. Appropriations have been voted by the Union to twelve churches in this State. The whole amount appropriated to Maine is $4,400; so that very nearly four fifths of all she has given has been applied to her own churches; leaving her whole contribution to the general work but $1,200.

☞ There is no limit to the variety of articles of convenience, necessity and luxury which may be found at Partridge's drug and fancy goods store. Those who have no relish for his medicines can indulge at his counter in a refreshing draught of soda with the usual delicious accompaniments, or solace themselves with a cigar of choicest brand and most delightful flavor. The fact can be testified to by hundreds of his customers.

CORRECTION. In the last paragraph of the article on finishing house interiors, upon our outside, for "sawed cut," read sawed *out*, &c.

☞ The first cargo of coal quarried by the Pictou Mining Company, of which Gen. J. L. Hodgdon of this city is Secretary, has arrived at Bath.

OUR INDIAN DIFFICULTIES. The plan recommended by Gen. Hazen in his letter to Senator Henderson for the peaceable and permanent settlement of our troubles with the Indian tribes of the Southwest, seems to us to be sensible and entirely practicable, if carried out in good faith and its execution placed in the hands of prudent and trustworthy officers. He recommends that each tribe be assigned a certain tract of land and compelled to occupy it, and all intercourse with white men prevented except such as are sent among them as teachers. He would place the control of Indian affairs in the hands of the Freedmen's Bureau, thereby securing an honest administration, and would then supply to the various tribes, religious and other instructors, agricultural implements, domestic animals, and such rations and clothing as might be necessary. For two or three years the cost would be considerable, but after the lapse of that time the tribes would have gained sufficient knowledge of agriculture to make them self-supporting. The only care of the government would then be in keeping the Indians at home, this could be done by promptly punishing such as should prove refractory, and a sufficient number of troops could be recruited from those who are peaceably disposed, to form a vigilant and effective police. Gen. Hazen says:

"To make war upon the Indian as a punishment, leaving him to retaliate at his leisure, can never bring about benefits commensurate with the cost or the public requirements. Our Indian wars, so far, are scarcely more than a series of mutual retaliations, and can be little else till a fixed plan, having for its object the final settlement of the whole Indian question, is adopted. This plan should comprehend all the Indians of the country, and should be adopted everywhere simultaneously. There could then be no playing from hand to hand by the professed peaceable to the actual hostile, as is now the case. We might still for a few years have trouble with those across the borders of Mexico and the British Possessions, but we would soon have a reliable corps of friendly Indians who could attend to all such bands. The reservations should be well removed from the borders. We are now in a position to command these people, and should no longer ask for peace, which they will not give us, but require it. They are not numerous, nor difficult to reach, as is generally supposed."

☞ The Fourth of July celebration in Lowell, Mass. was made memorable by the appropriate dedication in Monument Square of an allegorical bronze statue of Victory, recently presented to the city by Dr. J. C. Ayre, the distinguished chemist and inventor of the various successful medical preparations that bear his name. The figure is that of a draped female, borne on the wings of triumph, holding in her right hand the laurel wreath of victory, and in her left the harvest sheaf of plenty. It stands upon a granite pedastal, is of colossal size, being seventeen feet high, and is a majestic work of art. The dedicatory exercises were attended by the city and State civil and military dignitaries and by an immense concourse of the people of the surrounding region. The oration on the occasion was delivered by Judge Russell of Boston, and at the conclusion of the ceremonies Dr. Ayer, in response to enthusiastic calls from the audience, made an eloquent speech in which he said:—

"I acknowledge the satisfaction you afford me by your approbation of the appropriateness of this image for this place. There lay the chief difficulty in this undertaking. The continent of Europe is inhabited by an older people people than we. Successive generations have covered it over with the productions of their genius. Gifted men have wrought out in marble and bronze, almost every human characteristic—all that is loveliest in infancy and childhood, all that is most beautiful and fascinating in woman, as well as whatever is noble or heroic in man. With the idea in my mind of bringing some piece to ornament our city, I wandered for weeks and months among these productions in France, Italy, Austria, Prussia, and with eminent sculptors in Rome, Florence and Berlin, to aid me in seeking what I desired to find.

This figure was moulded by Rauch, the great German sculptor, for the King of Bavaria, who gave him a princely price for the design. The original, in antique bronze, stands in front of the king's palace, at Munich, where I do not think it is either as appropriate or effective as this is here. Rauch was a Prussian, and they love his memory; they point you to his works with a certain exultation and pride, which makes you see how distinctly they feel "he was our countryman." The Prussian monument to their victories over Napoleon, standing in the chief street, Unter der Linden, in front of the royal palace, at Berlin, was executed in bronze and granite by Rauch, and is justly considered the greatest work of its kind in the world.

EASTERN NORMAL SCHOOL. We are informed that after some necessary delays the decision has been reached to open the Eastern Normal School, at Castine, on the 4th of the next month. Mr. G. T. Fletcher, who has been in charge of the Commercial College in this city, has received the appointment as Principal. A well built and commodious edifice has been appropriated by the citizens of that town for the use of the school, with the use also of a philosophical apparatus, and access to a well selected library belonging to the place. The location of Castine is healthy; its scenery is striking and attractive; the historical associations are many. With our two Normal schools now offering their advantages to the State, we may well hope, that our common schools will, from year to year, be furnished with teachers who know how to teach, as well as to hear a recitation, and the two actions are quite different though taught in the same field. The liberality of the State has been generous and well intended. The fruits are already seen in the results of good at Farmington. May both schools, annually and for a long time, send out instructors who shall prove to be educators, well qualified for the work of training the children of the State to be towers of strength for her support.

THE REMOVAL OF GEN. SHERIDAN. The rumors which have been for several weeks in circulation in regard to the contemplated removal of Gen. Sheridan from the command of the District of Louisiana and Texas, seem to have assumed a definite shape. The principal reason urged to the President for the removal comes, it is said, from Attorney General Stanberry, who declares Gen. Sheridan's characterization of the recent opinion on the Reconstruction act an insult to the Administration. Gen. Sheridan alluded to it, it will be remembered, as making a broad macadamized road to perjury. No steps have yet been taken toward superseding Sheridan, but those who are favoring it feel confident that it will occur as soon as the election is over in Tennessee, so that Gen. Thomas may be transferred to New Orleans.

REGISTRATION IN VIRGINIA. A dispatch from Washington says it is apprehended that the whole work of registration in Virginia will have to be done over again, on account of illegalities thus far practiced. Complaints from loyal men are daily being received at Gen. Schofield's headquarters of illegal registration, a great many ex-rebels asserting that the oath is not constitutional, and consequently is not binding. Frauds of the most gigantic proportions of this kind are reported to have been practiced, while on the other hand numbers from fear or indifference have refused to register.

☞ On Wednesday morning last, about 3 o'clock, the house of A. D. Lockwood, Esq., in Lewiston, was entered by robbers, and jewelry worth $1000, belonging to a lady visiting the family, carried off by them. The articles stolen consist of one coral pin and ear-ring, one coral head chain of 63 beads, one coral ring of five corals, one diamond ring of three stones, one pearl ring, one pair of gold beads (bracelets) black enamel. We understand that one of the robbers engaged in the burglary has been arrested.

A SCHOONER RUN DOWN. On Thursday morning last, the steamer Carlotta running between Halifax and Portland, while coming into the latter port came into collision with the schooner Lucy of Bucksport, which was loaded with sand and bound for the Kennebec. The schooner sunk almost immediately in eight fathoms of water. The crew had just time to leap into their boat and escaped with only the clothes in which they stood. The Lucy was an old schooner of about seventy tons.

☞ On Monday night 22d inst. the dry goods store of B. F. Warner in Hallowell was entered by burglars and goods to the value of about $200 carried away. An entrance was effected by cutting out a pannel in the back door and prying away two iron bars which protected it. The goods taken were gloves, laces, ribbons, &c. which could be easily carried about the person. No clue has been obtained of the burglars.

THE AUBURN MURDER CASE. The arguments for a new trial in the case of Verrill, came off on Monday, 23d inst., before the Law Court, in Portland, on motion of prisoner's counsel to set aside the verdict and order a new trial on the ground of the insufficiency of evidence. Mr. Record made a brief argument in support of the motion and Attorney General Frye replied. The Judges have not yet announced their decision.

Editor's Table.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. This is the fifth volume of Ticknor & Field's elegant and popular Diamond Edition of Dickens' works, uniform with the preceding issues of the same edition. The work possesses a peculiar interest to American readers from the fact that it was written soon after Dickens visited this country, and contains the result of his observations. On its first appearance it aroused great indignation in the United States by the severity of its satire. We were ready to admit that Pecksniff, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Sairey Gamp, and Montague Tigg were accurate representatives of English society, but declared that Elijah Pogram, Mrs. Hominy, Colonel Diver and Jefferson Brick were gross caricatures of people living in America.—But when we remember the locality of "Eden"—now better known to the world as Cairo, at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers—the peculiarities of the Missouri bushwhackers and their leading politicians at the time Dickens visited America, and their outrages all through the recent rebellion, we may forgive the novelist for doing what the leading illustrated papers of the past two years have done in sketching society in the border and Southern States. For this is exactly what Dickens has done in "Martin Chuzzlewit." He never loses an opportunity to sketch the frailties of the English people quite as severely, and probably as truthfully as he did the "half-horse, half alligator" men who formerly ruled in the regions bordering on the Mississippi river. These individuals came within Mr. Dickens' scope of acquaintance when he was here, and they were as fair game for his satire as Pecksniff himself. But aside from the prejudice which once existed against this novel, which is now evidently wearing away, it possesses a fund of humor, pathos and entertainment hardly exceeded by any other work of this distinguished author.

The price of the illustrated edition is only $1.50; of the plain $1.25, obtainable of booksellers generally or of the publishers, Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Contents of August number: The Guardian Angel, continued; Hospital Memories; Dirge for a Sailor; Up the Elisto; Poor Richard No. 3; The Growth, Limitations and Tolerations of Shakespeare's Genius; Longfellow's Translation of Dante; The Old Story; A Week's Riding; The Little Land of Appensell; The Lost Genius; Cincinnati; A Liliput Province; Reviews and Literary Notices. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, at $4.00 per annum.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY. Contents:—Brownlows—Part VII.; The American Debt and the Financial Prospects of the Union; The Eastern Trip of Two Ochtophobists; A New Life of Napoleon I; The Royal Academy and other Exhibitions; Cornelius O'Dowd; Praxitiles and Phryne; The Progress of the Question; The Death of Sir Archibald Alison. Republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 140 Fulton street, New York. Terms $4.00 per annum.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for August contains twelve articles besides the usual puzzle department, and is illustrated by one full page and eleven smaller illustrations. In this number, Dr. I. S. Hayes, the celebrated arctic navigator, commences a story called "Cast away in the Cold," which furnishes amusement as well as instruction, and will be eagerly read by the boys.—Terms of the Magazine, $2.00 per annum. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

HARPERS' MAGAZINE. The number of this popular monthly for the current month, has three illustrated papers, viz: Personal Recollections of the War, part 8; The Turks, The Greeks and the Saracens; and The Dodge Club. The Editor's Easy Chair is particularly racy, and the whole number is up to the average.—Harper & Bros., New York. $4.00 per year. Single numbers 35 cts.

THE NURSERY. This admirable little magazine, full of easy stories for youngest readers, and short words in large letters for those just beginning to read, with pictures to match, should find its way into every home where there are little ones. Published monthly at 1.50 per year. Address Fanny P. Seaverns, Boston, Mass.

NEW MUSIC. From the music publishing house of O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, Boston, we have received the following:

With rosebuds in my hand, or Birdie's Spirit Song, with chorus. Music by J. P. Ordway, M. D.

We miss the from our Cottage Home. Words and music by M. B. Leavitt.

Angelina Polka. For piano. B. A. Jannotta.

Open the windey, acushla machree. An Irish Serenade. Music by M. Keller.

The Valley March. For piano. By J. G. Murdock.

The Yaller Gall that winked at me. Written and sung by Harry Bloodgood of Sharpley's Minstrels.

Pretty Jemima, don't say No. Composed by Frank Hall.

For sale at Patterson's music and bookstore, Water street, Augusta.

THE RECONSTRUCTION ACT AND THE PRESIDENT. In reference to the question whether the President will enforce the provisions of the Reconstruction Act, the *National Intelligencer*, who is supposed to speak by authority, says:

"It is understood in well-informed circles that the President will cheerfully and promptly enter upon the execution of the Reconstruction Act of the last session of Congress, giving, if occasion requires, explicit instructions to the Commanding Generals. The utmost care will be taken to guard against possible collision with the generally understood wishes of Congress. It is believed, however, that all the Cabinet are agreed upon the principle that the President of the United States, under the Constitution, has no power to exonerate himself from ultimate responsibility for all executive action under the Government to the extent that he 'shall take care that the laws are faithfully executed.' Should an occasion unfortunately force itself, or be forced, upon him, in which he must consent to be disobeyed or supplanted from his Constitutional jurisdiction, or else require his commands under the law to be implicitly obeyed, by the power of the army and navy if necessary, there is, we are satisfied, no authority for saying what line of action the Administration would adopt."

HALLOWELL GRANITE. The Hallowell *Gazette*, speaking of the extensive granite quarries in that city says: "We understand that the demand for this granite would now give constant employment to two or three hundred men, and as its superior qualities become more extensively known, this demand will be greatly increased. It is said that no stone that goes to market hammers so easily and nicely as this, and the most experienced builders in Boston pronounce it in all respects superior even to the Concord granite which has been so much used in Boston and vicinity.

☞ On Saturday the evidence in the Surratt trial on both sides was closed, and Judge Fisher gave his decision ruling out testimony not relevant to the case. Exceptions were noted by the counsel for the prisoner to the ruling of Judge Fisher admitting certain items of evidence. District Attorney Carrington then commenced his argument for the prosecution, consuming the balance of the day on questions of law. The counsel for the defence will follow, and Mr. Pierrepont will close the arguments, which are expected to last all the present week.

NONPAREIL FRUIT SEALER. Our citizens will be called upon during the week by Mr. Sherman, of the firm of Paul, Sherman & Co., Boston, for the purpose of disposing of the right to use the patent Nonpareil Fruit Sealer, one of the most convenient, economical and effectual methods for the preservation of fruits and vegetables we have ever known. We hope he may succeed in introducing it into every family in Augusta.

BLINDNESS, DEAFNESS AND CATARRH. To enable farmers from the country to consult him who have been unable to do so during the "Haying season" Dr. Carpenter has been induced to prolong his visit at the DeWitt House, Lewiston, until August 9. He can be consulted at the Stoddard House, Farmington, three weeks, on and after Aug. 13th, 1867.

☞ Titcomb & Dorr, West end Kennebec bridge, wishing to reduce their stock of paper hangings, curtains, borderings, and mats of all kinds, are selling the same either at wholesale or retail, at very low prices. Call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere. 32tf

FIRE.—The house barn and out buildings of Mr. Francis Weeks, in Patten, were destroyed by fire on Wednesday of last week. Most of the furniture and clothing was saved.

TEBBETS' PHYSIOLOGICAL HAIR REGENERATOR never fails to restore the hair. Partridge, Druggist, is agent for its sale in Augusta.

THE SURRATT TRIAL. A. D. Richardson, well known as a war correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and the author of a book giving his experience in rebel prisons, writes an interesting letter to the *Tribune* on the Surratt trial, from which we make the following extract:

"Half a mile away is the old, low Court House, of brown sand stone and brown stucco, John H. Surratt is being tried for his life. The building occupies the front of a large, grassy square, shaded by sober catalpa and silver leafed poplar and sweet with the breath of clover. Every morning at ten, from the sombre jail in the rear, comes a young man of twenty-three—slender, erect, habited in black broadcloth, and low, round-topped hat. Up a quiet path, under the peaceful trees, he steps briskly, as to avoid prying eyes. His delicate wrists are held together by handcuffs, and a brawny marshal in brown linen walks beside him. They go up the stone stairs and he takes a seat behind his counsel and the manacles are removed.

Beside the prisoner sits a brother and one or two other relatives, with long hair and cadaverous Southern faces. Women, chiefly sympathizers, from the District, curious visitors in Washington, members of Congress, and members of the bar, fill the other chairs and settees. Outside the railing a throng of jostling men, whom an old, querulous, spectacled, Secession bailiff is always ordering out of the passages and threatening to arrest. In the rear a milky way of intent white eyes looking out from an inky cloud of eager black faces.

On the bench sits Judge Fisher, appointed from Delaware by the President whose murder he is investigating. A clear, firm, manly face, with frank eye and brown moustache. On his right, just beyond the witness stand, the jurors sitting in two rows against window and wall. They are plain business men, representing two millions of property, interested in the good order and good name of the District. A few are Catholics, like the prisoner. Several were secessionists. One or two are feared; but on the whole are deemed as good a jury as could be legally impaneled in this community. Before the prisoner, always upon his feet, is his leading counsel, Bradley, senior. Thick set, with bald, flat-topped head, and far apart, searching eyes, he looks a little like Gen. Ben Butler. A shrewd criminal lawyer, tenacious and merciless upon witnesses, he is so pugnacious as to lose his own temper now and then, and thus impairs his strength. After each answer that pleases him, he turns to the jury with a look saying quite as significantly as words, "Gentlemen, you hear *that!*" Merrick, prompt and clear-headed, and his own son assist him.

District Attorney Carrington and his associate, Wilson, officially represent the Government; but Pierrepont of New York, chiefly examines the witnesses. He is courteous, firm, strong at cross-questioning testimony away, and in knowing exactly where to stop.

Weichman, whose testimony was so noticeable, is a well-formed, comely, ruddy young man of twenty-four. While he was on the witness-stand Surratt's eye faced him defiantly through the

MEXICAN NEWS. The following news from Mexico is received by way of Galveston and New Orleans:

The Brownville Ranchero publishes a letter purporting to have been written by Gen. Escobedo to Gen. Gomez, directing the latter, by every means in his power, to make the country entirely Mexican.—Gen. Escobedo, in his letter, says, as all property in the hands of foreigners in Mexico has been acquired by Mexican misfortunes, the Mexican people should now take possession of it and have power to hunt them from the country. He says, my motto is "death to all strangers;" and he adds that "there is no danger of the Yankees interfering with us as long as the southern States are kept out of the Union; besides, the black men would side with us, and may at any time pronounce against the whites. Before we get through with the foreigners the Yankees will think we are in earnest, and the time will come when their own notables will be begging for their own heads, instead of begging for the heads of the Austrians."

Up to the 13th inst., Gen. Marquez and Gen. O'Horan had not been found. Some of their adherents, it is supposed, secreted them in the house of the British Minister. A strict search will be made for them, and as soon as they are discovered they will be forthwith shot.

Twelve more generals who served under Maximilian have been sho. at Queretaro. Among others Otero and Castillo. Four Imperial colonels had also been shot. Seven hundred Austrian prisoners had been sent to Puebla.

Santa Anna is still alive at Campeachy, but his captors are awaiting instructions in regard to him from the liberal government. The feeling there is that he will undoubtedly be shot. Advices from Matamoras are to the same effect.

Advices from San Louis to the 15th inst., gives the following intelligence:

Gen. Vidaurri was shot in the City of Mexico. He desired just before his execution to have an interview with Gen Diaz which was refused. He then asked that he might be allowed the privilege of seeing his son before he died, but the request was also refused.

Gen. Escobedo made the following address to the subaltern officers of the Imperial army before releasing them: "The Supreme government has the right to dispose of the lives of those, who, forgetting they were Mexicans, fought for a foreigner elevated to power by an invader, but the government, always magnanimous forgives those who, until now have been enemies of the country, because it expects their future conduct will correspond with the clemency user towards misled sons of Mexico. You are at liberty and you may ask your passports for any point where you may choose to reside."

☞Prof. Philo Holmes writes, "Chemistry and medicine have been made subservient to all diseases which flesh is heir to, yet how little has science done toward improving our personal appearance. Recently I have investigated a scientific preparation which has come before the public, but which has been in use many years, called Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. It cures all diseases of the scalp, and allays all that heat and irritation, and furnishes a nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported, and by its remedial virtues, it causes the hair to grow where it has fallen out, and restores it to its natural color when gray. The old in appearance are made young again.

☞"With four metalic qualifications a man may be pretty sure of earthly success. These are gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart."

But for a tonic appetizer, and as a gentle stimulant, there is reliable virtue in Plantation Bitters. No article has ever been so popular or done half so much good. Let all who have not already tried this great stomachic, at once test its quality. We understand that the Druggists and grocers of this section are selling vast quantities, and that scarcely a family is without it. 2w34

A DEAR ARTICLE.—Common Soda mixed with poisonous substances, when bought for good Saleratus, is a very dear article. Pyle's Saleratus costs about the same, is worth three times as much, and is the best and cheapest in the world. Tell your grocers you want Pyle's Saleratus. See that the name is on the package.

MAGNOLIA WATER. A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price. 1y31

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

TUESDAY, July 30, 1867.

[Corrected weekly by J. MCARTHUR, J. HAINE & Co., C. H. MITCHELL & Co., and H. G. STORER.]

Flour,	$10.50 to 12 00	Clear Salt Pork,	$18.00 to 20.00
Corn Meal,	1 30 to 1 40	Mutton ₱ lb.	6 to 9
Rye Meal,	1 75 to 0 00	Spring Lamb ₱ lb,	10 to 13
Wheat,	none	Veal,	6 to 9
Rye,	1 30 to 1 50	Turkeys ₱ lb,	15 to 20
Corn,	1 17 to 1 22	Chickens ₱ lb,	15 to 22
Barley,	1 00 to 1 00	Clover Seed,	Nominal
Beans,	4 50 to 5 00	Herdsgrass,	"
Oats,	70 to 75	Red Top,	"
Potatoes,	50 to 60	Hay ₱ ton,	$15 to 15
Dried Apples,	10 to 12	Lime,	1 75 to 0 00
Cooking Apples,	1 00 to 1 50	Fleece Wool,	37 to 44
Butter,	28 to 30	Pulled Wool,	40 to 45
Cheese,	15 to 20	Sheep Skins,	10 to 30
Eggs,	21 to 23	Hides,	9 to 10
Lard,	14 to 18	Calf Skins,	17 to 20
Beef,	10 to 13	Lamb Skins,	25 to 75
Round Hog,	11 00 to 12 00	Wood, hard,	8 50 to 7 00

CATTLE MARKETS.

AT BRIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE AND MEDFORD

WEDNESDAY, July 24, 1867.

At market:	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.	Veal
This week,	2003	8066	1530	400
Last week,	1414	9512	1130	450
One year ago, (July 18,)	2100	7630	1700	250

PRICES.

BEEVES—Extra qual.... $13.75@14.00 } Per 100 lbs. on the total
First qual..... 13.00@13.50 } weight of hide, tallow,
Second do..... 12.00@14.00 } and dressed beef.
Third do..... 10.00@12.50 }
Poorest grades of cows, bulls, &c., $7.50@9 00

WORKING OXEN—$200 to 300; handy steers, $150 to 200, or a little above their value as beef.

MILCH COWS—$50@90; Extra, $85@115; Heifers; farrow, $40@55.

SHEEP—₱ lb., 5@6c; Extra, 6½@—c.

HIDES—Brighton, 10@10½; country lots, 9@10c. CALF SKINS 20@22c. TALLOW, 7½@8c ₱ lb.

PELTS—Lambs, 50c; Shorn, 33c ₱ lb.

BOOTS—Wholesale, 0@0c; retail 0@00c ₱ lb.

DROVES OF CATTLE FROM MAINE.

No cattle from Maine reported at market.

REMARKS. The supply of cattle in market is larger than the demand requires. The quality is not so good as those of last week. There were cattle enough for marketing nearly every day in week after market day, and cattle were yarded for sale. Most of the sales which we give this week, were made on Saturday. There is still a large number of beeves to be disposed off, and noless buyers take a shade sharper than they did yesterday, drovers will have to hold their stock over for another week, or else reduce the prices.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—DROVES FROM MAINE.

B. Clark, 63; J. M. Pierce, 47; Hollis & Dyer, 70; Mr. McNiel 124; Charles Hollis, 150.

The sheep trade is quicker than it was last week. The supply is nearly as large. We quote sales of lots of 100 at $5 75 ₱ head; 112 at $4; 124 at $4 25 ₱ head; 50 sheep at 6c ₱ lb; 124 lambs at $3 75; 35 lambs at $3 50; 127 lambs at $4; 60 at $4 25, 12 at $4 25.

LIVE POULTRY. The dealers say that there is only some one half ton from all sources, at 18 to 20c ₱ lb live.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

SATURDAY, July 27, 1867.

There has been a fair demand for wool during the past week, but of prices which indicate a gradual setting down in values. Manufacturers are not operating in the country to any extent, as one nothing is to be gained by it, but, encouraged by the low price at which the article is now offering in the Western markets, they are taking some large sized lots of fine staple suited to the current wants of consumption, all grades of wool are lower, with the greatest decline in the finer qualities. The sales for the past week have reached about 700,000 lbs of domestic wools at a range according to the various grades, of 30 to 70c for fleece, and 40@87c ₱ lb for pulled.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

PORTLAND MARKET.

PORTLAND, July 27, 1867.

APPLES—Green ₱ bbl. $6 00@8 00; Sliced, ₱ lb. 15@16.

BUTTER—Country ₱ lb25, @28, Choice Table, 28@32; Store 17@18.

BEANS—Marrow ₱ bush. $0 00@0 00; Pea $4 75@5 25; Blue Pod, $4 25@4 75.

CHEESE—New, 12@16c.

FISH—Cod, large shore, ₱ quin. $6 00@7 00; large Bank ₱ quin $5 00@6 00; small Bank, ₱ quin. $3 00@0 00; Pollock, ₱ quin. $2 25@4 25; Haddock ₱ quin. $2 00@2 25; Hake $1 00@2 50; Herring, shore, ₱ bbl., $6 00@7 00; Scaled ₱ box,0 30@0 40c; No. 1 Herring ₱ box, 20@25c; Mackerel, ₱ bbl. — Bay No. 1, $18 00@19 00; Bay No. 2, $00 00@00 00; Shore No. 1, $19 00@20 00; Shore No. 2, $00 00@ 00.00, Shore No. 3, small $6 00@7 25.

GRAIN—Rye, $1 75@1 85; Oats 90@95c; mixed corn, $1 10@1 15; Yellow, $1 15@1 23; Barley, 1 10@1 25c, Shorts per ton $42 @45.

HAY—₱ net ton, pressed, $23@28 00; loose $22@26.

HIDES AND SKINS—Western 14@19; Slaughter Hides, 9½ @ 10c; Calf Skins, 20@30; Lamb Skins 1 00@1 25.

PRODUCE—Potatoes ₱ bush, $ 75@1 00; Beef ₱ lb., 10@13c; Eggs ₱ doz., 25@23c; Turkeys, 20@25c; Chickens, 17@20c; Geese, 20@23; Onions, $1 25@1 50 ₱ bush.; Lamb, 18@20c; Veal 10@13c.—*Price Current.*

BOSTON MARKET.....July 28.

FLOUR—Western Superfine, $6 00@8.00; Common extras at $9.00@10, 00. Medium extras at $11. 00@13.00; and good and choice, including favorite St. Louis brands, at $14.00@20.00 ₱ bbl

CORN—Western mixed, $1 10@1.12; yellow, $1.22@1 24

OATS—Northern and Canada, 90@100c ₱ bush; P. E. Island 90@93c.

RYE—1 05 @1 10 ₱ bush. Shorts $35@$36; Fine Feed $38@ 43; and Middlings at $45@50 ₱ ton.

HAY—Sales from $25 to $30.

NEW YORK MARKET.....July 29.

FLOUR—State, $6 30@11.00; round hoop Ohio, $9.60@12 40 Western, $6 30@12 00; Southern, $9 00@16.25; Canada dull, $6 30@12 00.

WHEAT—No. 2 Milwaukee new, $2 05@2.06; Milwaukee Club .00.

CORN—Mixed western, 1 20@1 5

FISHER'S COUGH DROPS.

A standard remedy for COUGHS and CONSUMPTION, prepared by G. W. Wallingford, grandson of the late Dr. Fisher, MASON, SYMONDS & CO., Kennebunk, Me., Proprietors; G. G. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover St., Boston, N. E. Agents. 3m26

It will be a great Blessing to the afflicted to know that they can positively be cured of neuralgia, nervesche, painful nervous affections, headache, hysterics and nervous debility by partaking of an occasional dose of DR TURNER'S Tiedoloreaux or Universal Neuralgia Pill. The extraordinary power of this invaluable medicine is proved by a mass of evidence and testimonials. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot, 120 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Price $1 per package by mail, two postage stamps extra. 3m34

Whiskers. DR LAMONTE'S CORELLIA will force Whiskers upon the smoothest face, or Hair upon Bald Heads. Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 48 Nassau St., New York. 1y30

No Medicine equals Coe's Dyspeptic Cure, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Fever and Ague, Sick Headache, and all diseases that proceed from a disorded state of the Stomach and Bowels. All druggists keep it.

COE'S COUGH BALSAM,

Sold in Augusta by TITCOMB & DORR, Druggists. 15

Special Notices.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

ARE the most perfect purgative we are able to produce and, as we think, has ever yet been made by any body. Their effects have abundantly shown to the community how much they excel the other medicines in use. They are safe and pleasant to take and powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstruction of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart tone and strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every day complaints of everybody, but formidable and dangerous diseases. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take, and being purely vegetable, are entirely harmless. Cures have been made that would surpass belief, were they not substantiated by men of such exalted character as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians certify to the public the reliability of our remedies, while others have sent us the assurance of their conviction that our Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of our afflicted fellow-men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use of these medicines and the certificates of their cures of the following complaints:—

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and Pain arising therefrom, Flatulence, Loss of appetite, all Diseases which require an evacuant medicine. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability. Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout and other kindred disorders arising from a low state of the body, or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations on which they may make more profit. Demand AYER'S and take no others. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass, and sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.

For sale by O. K. PARTRIDGE, Druggist, Augusta. 2m26

DR. AYER'S MEDICINES,

Sold in Augusta at FULLER'S Drug Store. 21

DIRECTIONS

FOR

MAKING YOUR OWN SOAP

With your Waste Grease!

PENN'A. SALT M'FG. CO'S.,

RENOWNED SAPONIFIER!

(*Patents of 1st and 8th Feb., 1859.*)

OR CONCENTRATED LYE!

2 Cents only for every pound of Soap.

DIRECTIONS.

Dissolve one box of Lye in 2½ pounds (pints) of hot water, in an iron pot. Melt in another pot or pan 5 pounds of clean fat or grease. Take off the fire, and into *this* stir slowly the dissolved lye and keep stirring until the whole becomes well mixed and like molasses. Now cover up, and set in a warm place over night. Next day cut up into small pieces, add 6 pounds (or pints) of water, and melt with a gentle heat until the soap is *all dissolved*, then pour into a tub to cool. When cold cut into bars, which will be fit to use in about 10 days.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

Be particular in asking for PENN'A. SALT M'FG. CO'S SAPONIFIER. 51eowly

SAPONIFIER OR CONCENTRATED LYE

For sale in Augusta by TITCOMB & DORR, Druggists. 15

PITTSBURGH. September 4, 1866.

Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GENTS:—I think I am only doing the part of a good citizen when I testify to the great benefits received by me from the use of your Stomach Bitters during the last five years. Sojourning a time in the oil regions, in 1861, I had a severe bilious attack, which, in connection with dyspepsia, left me in a very weak condition. I was advised to try your Bitters, and, having procured a bottle, found that they worked like a charm upon me, eight pounds having been added to my weight in the space of one week and new life seemed to have been infused into my system, so much so, that I have been induced to use them every summer since that time. As a tonic, I think they are invaluable.

This summer, having had a similar attack, (and as before, much reduced,) although under the treatment of an A No. 1 physician, I was again obliged to have recourse to the old Bitters, and with the same good result, having gained six pounds within a few days. I purchased a half dozen bottles a few weeks since, and purpose to use them regularly as a tonic.

Wishing you every success, I remain

Yours, gratefully,

4w34 WILLIAM MILLER.

DR. SCHENCK, THE LUNG DOCTOR.

☞The Proprietor of SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, the inventor of SCHENCK'S RESPIROMETER, the only instrument that can to a certainty detect the slightest murmur of the respiratory organs.

This is of great importance to Dr Schenck, to know the exact condition of the lungs, whether it is Tuberculous, Pulmonary, Bronchial, Pleuritic, or Dyspeptic Consumption, and whether it is both lungs or only one that is deceased.

It requires constant and long practice to become familiar with every sound or rattling of a deceased bronchial tube. Patients come to Dr. Schenck to get examined that have been examined by their family physician, who told them that their lungs were almost gone; when by a close examination with the Respirometer, it is often found that it is an affection of the bronchial tubes; and by getting a healthy action of the liver and tone of the stomach, the sufferer is soon restored to health. Some times medicine that will stop a cough is certain death to the patient. It locks up the liver, stops the circulation of the blood—hemorrhage follows, and in fact, stopping the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

DR SCHENCK will be professionally at his rooms every week, 32 Bond street, New York, and 35 Hanover street Boston, from 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. He gives advice free but for a thorough examination with the Respirometer the charge is five (5) dollars. His medicines are for sale by all druggists and dealers. Also a full supply at all times at his rooms. Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic each $1.50 per bottle, or $7.50 the half dozen. Manufactured by Dr. Schenck in person.

GEO. C GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover street, Agents for Boston. For Sale by all druggists. eslp1y52

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old in Augusta by TITCOMB & DORR, Druggists.

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PAGE'S PATENT PUMP AND GRADUATING SPRINKLER.

A Window Washer, Watering-pot, Green House Syringe, Garden and Fire Engine in one. for $5.

"Nothing that I know is so convenient for protecting plants from red Spider."—*F. Putnam, Florist, Salem, Mass.*

"Can do the same amount of work in Green House much easier with this and five times faster than with any other article."—*W. H. Gardiner, Salem.*

"Simple and cheap as it is, it combines more advantages for general use than any other."—*Hovey & Co., Boston.*

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"Saved my dwelling house when on fire, and without damage to carpets, five minutes later, only a deluge from a Fire Engine could have saved it."—*David Kelley, Bookseller, Troy, Miami Co., Ohio.*

Agents wanted everywhere.

3t32 N. E PORTABLE PUMP CO. 51 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

Valuable Medicine.

The sale of this remarkable and truly valuable pre parration, Perry Davis' Pain Killer is constantly and rapidly increasing. During the past year the demand for the great remedy has been altogether unprecedented, scarcely a week passed by, during which we do not hear of some remarkable cure having been performed within the circle of our acquaintance by the use of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.—*Providence Advertiser.*

Persons afflicted with any disease arising from a disordered liver or stomach, nervous debility, dyspepsia or liver complaint, should try Perry Davis' Pain Killer. It seldom fails to effect a cure in a very short time. Sold by druggists generally throughout the United States.

From Saturday Evening Gazette.

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The Mother's Remedy.

For all diseases with which children are afflicted is MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and during the process of teething, it gives rest and health to the child, and carries it safely through the critical period.

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Turner's Tic Doloureux or Universal Neuralgia Pill is a safe, certain and speedy Cure for Neuralgia and all Nervous diseases. The severest cases are completely and permanently cured in a very short time. Neuralgia in the face or head is utterly banished in a few hours. No form of Nervous disease withstands its magic influence. It has the unqualified approval of many eminent physicians. It contains nothing injurious to the most delicate system. Sold everywhere. Sent on receipt of $1.00 and two postage stamps.

TURNER & CO.,

1y30 120 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., Proprietors.

DR. LANGLEY'S ROOT AND HERB BITTERS.

The Great Blood Purifier; the best Health Restorer, and the most perfect Spring and Summer Medicine ever used.

They effectually cure Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Liver and Bilious Complaints, General debility, and all kindred diseases.

They cleanse the system, regulate the bowels, restore the appetite, drive out all humor, purify the blood, and strengthen and invigorate, build up, and restore to health and soundness, both body and mind, all who use them. Sold by all dealers in medicine. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover street, Boston. 16weop14

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP,

old in Augusta at FULLER'S Drug Store. 21

FISHER'S COMPOUND MANDRAKE BITTERS.

From the original recipe. Unrivalled for its efficiency. A sure cure for **Diseases of the Blood and Secretions.** Prepared by G. W. Wallingford, grandson of the late Dr. Fisher. MASON SYMONDS & CO., Kennebunk, Me., Proprietors; RUST BROS. & BIRD, 43 Hanover St., Boston, sole agents for New England. 3m26

MOTH & FRECKLES.

The only reliable remedy for those brown discolorations on the face called Moth Patches and Freckles, is PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by Dr. B. C Perry Dermatologist. 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists in Augusta and elsewhere. Price $2 per bottle 6m15

USE SCHLOTTERBECK'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION,

Warranted equal to the best for removing Moths, Freckles, &c., price only 50 cents per bottle. For sale in Augusta by CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE, Druggist. 31

Married.

In China July 28th, by Rev. Wm. Bowles, J. F. Plummer to Mrs. Nellie B. Young, both of China.

In Skowhegan, July 17th, by Rev N. J. Wheeler, Dr. Llewellyn Brown, of Norridgewock, to Sarah A. White, daughter of the late Judge White of Skowhegan

In Waldoboro', July 23d, by Reuben Orff, Esq., Alden Achorn to Ia belle Pease, both of Waldoboro'.

In La Crosse, Wis., July 10th, by J. W Hammond, Esq., Rufus L. Bruce of Easo Claire, Wis., to Ada H Bruce of Industry, Maine.

In New Gloucester, July 27th, by Joseph Cross, Esq., Capt David Weymouth to Mrs. Mary Mollison, both of New Gloucester.

Died.

In Augusta, July 19th, Angie M., daughter of A. T. and H. M. Beal, aged 13 years 7 months; 24th, Susan M., wife of Samuel Cummings aged 65 years 9 months.

In Peoria, Ill. July 14th, Martha J., wife of Wm. H. Russell, aged 28 years 11 months.

In Freedom, May 25th, William Yates, aged 21 years.

In Sidney, July 6th, Harriett, wife of Willard Jackson, aged 43 years 9 months.

In Litchfield, June —, Micah Libby, aged 61 years.

WANTED IN EVERY FAMILY!

The Nonpareil Fruit Sealer,

PATENTED JULY 17, 1866.

GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.

It can be applied to any jug, jar, can or bottle, of whatever size; is perfectly air tight, making it

A PERFECT SELF-SEALER,

which will *seal quicker, open easier, and keep fruit better than any other self-sealing jar ever invented.*

No sugar is necessary in canning, when this Sealer is used. Family rights to make and use the Sealer, for sale for ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

The cost of the Sealer is about *one cent per jar.*

It is no nutried invention, but has been tested one year, and pronounced by thousands to be unequalled. In Ohio, (where it was invented,) as well as in New York, it met with unparalleled success last season.

Read what Dr W S. Newcomb, of Salem, Ohio, says about it: "Out of nearly 100 jars and bottles sealed by the Nonpareil Fruit Sealer, last year, not one has spoiled."

Nonpareil Fruit Jar,

THE BEST SELF SEALING JAR EVER KNOWN.

It Stands Unrivalled.

Family size (1 quart) sells for only $2 per dozen—$1 per dozen less than other Jars of the same size, and of inferior quality; the price bringing them within the means of every family.

One of the largest small-fruit growers in Western New York, says:

"Having tested them, I have no hesitation in saying that the Nonpareil Fruit Jar is not only the cheapest but the most reliable Fruit Jar in the market."

Buy the Best! Buy no other!

Sold wholesale and retail at 23 and 24, Old State House, Boston, Mass. PAUL, SHERMAN & CO.

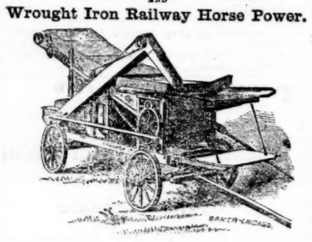
A Live Man Wanted to act as Local Agent in every town in the State, for the sale of the Nonpareil Fruit Sealer, and to take orders for the Nonpareil Fruit Jars, to whom will be given the exclusive right free of cost, which is no small advantage, as town agencies in the Western States are held at a premium of from fifty to three hundred dollars. For rights or agencies, call on or address, for two weeks, PAUL SHERMAN & CO.,

34tf Augusta House, Augusta Me.

WHITMAN'S THRESHING MACHINES,

AND

Wrought Iron Railway Horse Power.



The subscriber would announce to his friends and the public generally, that he still manufactures at his old place in Winthrop, his celebrated Horse Power Thresher, Separator and Cleaner, complete, with all the *late* improvements which render it the BEST THRESHING MACHINE IN USE. It runs easier, threshes faster, cleans better, and with less waste than any other machine. These machines are manufactured from the *best materials* and are finished in a thorough and workmanlike manner, and are warranted in all of the above particulars. Send for descriptive circular, *gratis*.

I am manufacturing for the wholesale and retail trade superior PORTABLE CIDER MILLS, SAWING MACHINES for sawing wood and lumber, and various kinds of Agricultural Implements and Shop Machinery. I also manufacture my improved TURBINE WATER WHEEL, which practical men consider gives the greatest amount of power with a small quantity of water, of any wheel in use. Wheels can be seen running in various towns in this State, also one at the Winthrop Cotton Mills, and several others in this village. LUTHER WHITMAN.

Winthrop, July 25, 1867. 4t34

GERMAN WORSTEDS,

IN EVERY VARIETY AND OF THE BEST QUALITY,

Patterns and all materials for working are kept constantly on hand at

MISS FISHER'S,

Over the Drug Store of Titcomb & Dorr, West end of Kennebec Bridge.

Shawls, Capes, Infants' Cloaks, Hoods, Afghans,

and all other articles manufactured from ZEPHYR, kept on hand or made at short notice

Augusta, July 30, 1867. 3t34

VASSALBORO' ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence on TUESDAY, August 27th, 1867, and continue eleven weeks, under the instruction of F. A. WALDRON, (of the Senior class of Colby University) assisted by Miss H. D. Alden.

TERMS:—Common English, $3.50; Higher English, $4.50; Languages, $5 00

No pains will be spared to make the term pleasant and profitable. Special attention will be given to those preparing to teach or fitting for college. Board or rooms obtained at reasonable rates by applying to the Secretary at Vassalboro'.

3w34* F. D. DUNHAM, Sec.

WEST GARDINER ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence MONDAY, September 24, 1867, and continue eleven weeks, under the charge of Mr. J. D. SMITH, Principal, with such assistance as its interests may require.

Mandrake Pills 25 cents per box.

GEO. C GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover street, Agents for Boston. For Sale by all druggists. esp1y52

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They cleanse the system, regulate the bowels, restore the appetite, drive out all humor, purify the blood, and strengthen and invigorate, build up, and restore to health and soundness, both body and mind, all who use them. Sold by all dealers in medicine. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover street, Boston. 16weop14

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old in Augusta at FULLER'S Drug Store. 21

FISHER'S COMPOUND MANDRAKE BITTERS.

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Poetry.

A MAN-OF-WAR IN THE ACORN.

An oak-tree, wrestling with the wind,
Shook down an acorn where I stood,
I turned aside I would not crush
That little orphan of the wood.

It was as smooth as the brown egg
That prisons in the nightingale,
By fairy flies was notch'd and barr'd,
Its cup symmetrical as frail.

In bowls like this the moonlit dew
Elves gather from the violet flowers,
Or from the hawthorn shake the drops
Remaining from the noonday showers.

A spirit showed me, hid within
The dusky acorn's dusky shell
A floating tower, perhaps to ride,
Three centuries hence on waves that swell

Around the iceberg's sapphire cliffs,
Or the rough Baltic's storm-swept strand;
Perhaps to thrusten with its fire
Some bastion of the Eastern land.

Yes! see above the bulwark's snuffe
Frank sunburnt faces, as the guns
Vomit their thunder—hail of flame—
Those cheers are from old England's sons!

See, down go colors, spars, and mast,
Blood-spouting like a dying whale,
The rival ship has struck, and now
The dear old flag flaunts in the gale.

Then once more rings the lusty shout,
And once more wrings the stirring cheer,
O'er the dark blue rolling waves,
That smite the proud Scandal's heart with fear.

Sail on, brave ships, spread nobler faith,
A truer creed, a wider love;
For on your sails, from opening skies,
Glance rays of glory from above!

Sail on, sail on, ye winged towers!
Far be your angry thunders hul'd,
And bear our Heaven lighted flag
Around a subjugated world.

The vision fades. Now let me plant,
With reverent hand, the acorn seed,
Deep in the kindly English soil,
On which the oak loves best to feed.

May happy Summers nurse the bud,
And April's brightest, softest showers,
Widen this germ to nobler life,
And give its limbs a giant's powers.

Rock, but rend not, ye winter storms!
Spare, spare the helpless little tree;
Earth, nurse it kindly till it float,
Bulwark of Home and Liberty!

—Once a Week.

Our Story-Teller.

A STORY WITH TWO ENDS.

Miss Flutters at home?

Miss Flutters *was* at home, John said, in the drawing-room. *Mr.* Flutters had left word he should be home soon, but had not yet returned from his club.

That didn't matter; Miss Flutters would do as well as her papa. John looked doubtful. He had old-fashioned notions, and approved of chaperones, and the street door was held partly open. What was to be done?

Between the hall and the drawing-room there was a great gulf fixed; the resolute old hanger-on resembled adamant. I represented that to an engaged man etiquette slightly unbends; but this John could not be brought to see, and the return of Mr. Flutters would probably have found me still hovering on his door-mat, had I not unexpectedly found an advocate.

Slowly across the darkened hall came a little figure in a white pinafore, with bright curls falling round a sober little face, and grave astonished eyes, wandering at the unwonted sounds that were breaking the stillness of the twilight hour.

"Conny," I said, with a new hope, born of the little figure before me, "mayn't I come in?"

"John, what is this?" said my small defender, "Why don't you let Mr. Stevens come in? Open the door directly."

"Beg pardon, Miss Conny," said the old man, giving way before authority, "but Mr. Stevens wants to see your papa, and your papa isn't in."

At this unanswerable argument, Conny looked puzzled. "Why don't you go away, then?" she said, frowning a little; for my behavior seemed to her unreasonable, and Conny had begun to read "Mill's Logic," and was no countenancer of folly.

Music was heard from the drawing-room—that drawing-room from which I was excluded—and I became desperate. The minutes were slipping by; precious minutes when spent in the drawing-room; and she who might have saved me had gone over to the opposition, and sided with the butler. "Conny," I said, speaking sensibly, as an appeal to her understanding, and looking wretched as an appeal to her heart, "I *don't* want to see your papa until he comes in, but I'm tired and cold; mayn't I come in and rest, and warm myself a little at your drawing-room fire?"

"There's a fire in the dining-room," said Conny, shrewdly guessing now that John was protecting the drawing-room, and not feeling quite sure herself as to the proprieties; "won't that do?"

"Well, no, Conny," I said, "I don't think it will, it's so cold and draughty; it made me dreadful ill last time. I couldn't bend my back for a week."

Conny's pity began to show itself in her eyes; she looked at John for instruction, ready to give in, if her ally was so inclined, but that worthy was quite unmoved.

"It's all nonsense, Miss Conny," he said with a grim smile; the dining-room ain't draughty a bit. Mr. Stevens can go in there if he likes; there's a beautiful fire, and I'll let him know when your papa comes in."

In fine, John was not to be done—could by no means be got over; so I accepted the compromise, and walked dismally in, followed by Conny, who evidently considering herself in the light of my jailer, proceeded to lay herself out to a considerable amount for my benefit. She shut the door firmly, poked the fire into a bright blaze, satisfied herself that the atmosphere was that of a bakehouse, and sat down on the hearth-rug at my feet, prepared for conversation.

But I wouldn't speak, and soon the pain in my back caused sundry groans dismal enough to awake pity in Conny's soft little heart.

"What is it?" she said, after she had borne it as long as she could in silence. "Your back? Isn't the fire warm enough?"

Warm enough! I should think it was. Conny must have been a salamander to have mentioned the subject without a blush.

"It isn't the fire, Conny," I groaned, "it's the draught; never mind you can't help it. I must bear it as well as I can till your papa comes in."

"I can't understand," Conny said, with some impatience at this limit of her knowledge; "the door's fast closed;" and she shook it as proof.

"It's the chinks, Conny," I groaned, in an agony; "oh, this is very bad!"

Conny took a resolution. Propriety was one thing, but illness, sudden death, was another.

"Come up stairs," she said, with a little sigh and a long-drawn breath; and up stairs I limped with some difficulty.

"Madeleine," said Conny, with a little quiver in her voice, "Mr. Stevens has got a stiff back, through sitting in draughts."

"Very well, Conny dear," said her sister, "I'll take care of Mr. Stevens; you can run and play with your dolls, or read Mill's Logic, if you prefer it. Would you believe it," she said, turning to me, "that that child reads logic at her age? Of course, she can't understand ten words of it, but papa will have it. She's to do as she likes. I think it's a mistake, myself, it makes her so quiet and solemn, always perusing over books she can't understand. Not like a child."

But I couldn't speak against Conny, whose warm little heart was even now working under her pinafore for imaginary woes, so I took a sage refuge in silence.

"Can I do anything?" asked Conny, reluctant to go, feeling as if in some inexplicable way she was the sole supporter of life in my frame, that with her absence I should droop and fall; "shall I run and fetch some sal volatile, or some steel wine?"

Conny's sister took sal volatile; but Conny herself took steel wine, and believed in its efficacy.

"No, no, Conny," said her sister, with a fuller faith in her own powers of healing as compared with steel wine, "Mr. Stevens is all right now; he will do very well till papa comes in."

"I'll come and tell you the very moment he does," declared Conny at the door; and having administered this consolation, she departed, hopping on one foot solemnly down stairs. Conny was disposed of. Mr. Flutters was from home. Delicious and rare combination of circumstances, for I had a bone to pick with Madeleine. A bone that could by no possibility have been picked before Conny, whose well-balanced mind thought lightly of sentiment, regarded all love-making as beneath her notice, and brought Mill to bear upon every occasion.

This was the bone:—

Madeleine, the queen of coquettes, engaged to me, was yet, I feared, encouraging another man of the name of Prior; a man from our club, well dressed, good-looking, if not intellectually looking, of gentlemanly manners, but inordinately conceited, and a confirmed flirt. This was a pleasant character to have about a house! A house, too, where the father was easily pleased, easily satisfied, fond of society, and ready to have any number of gentlemanly fools about him; where the lady of the house was a mere girl, attractive, fascinating, intensely lovable, but a coquette; where the youngest daughter alone absorbed the sense.

"Madeleine," I said, gracefully blunting at once into the subject the moment we were left alone: "I find you have got to know Prior during my absence from town."

No jealousy, I flattered myself, in my tone; no discontent that it should be so.

"Yes," said Madeleine, taking up a pinafore of Conny's, and settling down to work like a staid little woman to whom coquetry was unknown.

"You won't think me a bore, Madeleine, or that I wish in any way to interfere with your choice of friends—but don't you find Prior an insufferable coxcomb?"

"No," said Madeleine, intensely interested in the formation of button holes: "I don't know that I do. Is he not generally liked, then? Papa thinks him so very agreeable."

"Since you ask me, Madeleine," I said, "and mind, it is a thing I should never have mentioned of my own accord; I may tell you that, so far from being generally liked, to know that he was intimate at a house, would be quite enough to prevent many men from visiting at it."

"Fancy!" said Madeleine, holding up the pinafore to be admired.

"I among them," I went on.

"No!" said Madeleine, quite unmoved by the assertion.

It was becoming evident that my challenge would not be accepted, and that Madeleine declined to show fight.

So, as after war, the next best thing is peace; perhaps he does not come here often, after all, I said; "I should think, indeed, you would not allow yourself to be bored by him frequently."

"O, I don't know," said Madeleine; "I think I am very often bored, one way and another; it doesn't so much matter by whom, you know."

Whereby it will be seen, not only that Madeleine's views were liberal in the extreme, but that she understood to a nicety the art of evading delicate questions, and driving her lovers to desperation.

Jack Stevens was the most easy-going follow in existence, but it was possible to drive him too far. Miss Flutters was relying too much on his sweetness of temper. He had now reached his limit. The lion within his British breast was beginning to require attention.

I put a direct question to her, and waited for an answer.

"Madeleine," I said, "how often has Mr. Prior been here during my absence?"

"I haven't an idea," said Madeleine, slipping at once into feminine resources and accusing her memory. "Conny may recollect, perhaps; but it doesn't matter, does it?"

Another feminine resource. Madeleine abandoned her pedestal of indifference when she saw I was really angry, and descended to coaxing.

"What can it matter? You're not going to pretend you're jealous of Mr. Prior, Jack?"

The "Jack" did it. I was her devoted slave, not in the least jealous, and full of wonder at my own suspicions.

"Well, now," said Madeleine, when the pinafore had been duly admired, and small pieces of my heart had been sewed on to it in the Greek pattern with braid, and we had both approved of the effect; "I will be candid with you; you shall never say I don't tell you everything. Mr. Prior has been here a good deal."

Madeleine's candor always gave me palpitations of the heart; I never knew what was coming next. However, I gulped down this first edition, with the conviction that it would disagree with me when I come to digest it, happily smiling.

"You won't make me jealous now, Madeleine," I said, kissing her; and the pinafore fell from her lap.

"Clumsy!" said Madeleine, pouting. "You won't *let* me work. Poor Con! I'm ashamed of you, Jack. You don't behave half as well as Mr. Prior; he never does such things."

That is to say, reduced to English, Mr. Prior was not in the habit of kissing Miss Flutters.

I should never have imagined he was, myself; but Madeleine was so terribly suggestive that I began to feel uneasy, and the lion within me gave a roar.

"Madeline, if I imagined such a thing possible, I should at once resign all claim over you, without even waiting to speak to Mr. Flutters on the subject, or wish good-by to your sister.

"That's just what I say," said Madeleine, quietly; "so you needn't flare up so, or I shall not be able to be as candid as I wish. Mr. Prior has not only been here a good many times already, but he is coming to dinner"—here Madeleine coughed a little—"to-night. It's very unfortunate for me; as well as for you, for of course I don't want *him* here, the very first night of your return; but he asked himself, and papa couldn't very well refuse him then, could he? though I frowned at him to make him say 'No' till I thought my forehead would never come straight again; and Conny was speechless from surprise."

"It *is* unfortunate," I said, in as gruff a voice as I could manage, with the little jewelled hands pressing me so closely, and the blue eyes glancing—I suppose by accident—at the engagement ring.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Madeline, eagerly; and then added, trying to take me by storm, and trusting too much to the softening circumstances; "That's not the worst, either. Mr. Prior makes love to me, and I can't tell what to do to make him leave off. He *will* do it, no matter what I do. He will to-night. You'll see."

To be told, after a few weeks' absence, that the girl to whom I was engaged was being made love to by the man I most disliked in the whole world; and that he *would* do it!

"Now, you're not angry with me?" said Madeleine, passing over Mr. Prior's offense, and taking care of number one in a lady-like way, "because it's not been my fault."

"No, I'm not angry with you, Madeleine," I said, "but of course there must be a stop put to it. Leave him to me. He'll not make love to you to-night, I fancy."

This was said with a sneer so very effective, that Madeleine was beginning to look frightened, when the door opened a very little way, and Conny looked in.

"Papa's not come," she said, "but the nursery tea is. Come, Madeleine. Perhaps Mr. Stevens will come too," she added, politely, suddenly seeing me in the light of an obstacle to the nursery tea, which it was necessary to remove before she could obtain her sister. "Tea will do him good. It's so refreshing, nurse says."

"I should like nothing better, Conny dear, and I can carry you up stairs on my back, if you like."

Conny's eyes sparkled at this proposal, and her cheeks grew bright.

"That would be nice," she said, and prepared to mount; then stopped suddenly short. "Your back," she said; "it'll hurt your back."

I assured her it would not, and carried her up, when the queen of the nursery dismounted, placed her horse, (myself) in a low chair by the fire, and her sister in another, and proceeded to distribute bread and butter, and tea in mugs.

"You can't have the prettiest mug of all, I'm sorry to say," Conny informed me, when she had satisfied herself I could want nothing more, "because I broke it last week. I'm not generally clumsy, you know, but I did do that, and it had roses on it, and green leaves."

I expressed my conviction that it must have been very attractive, professing myself at the same time full of admiration of the mug I was using, and Conny's sense of hospitality was satisfied.

"Could you tell me a story?" she inquired, sliding down from her high chair, when all the bread and butter was eaten up, and her sister had refused to cut her any more; "or don't you feel well enough?"

"I'll tell you what, Con," said her sister decisively, "you'll get no story till you're dressed for dessert. Go and have your hair brushed, your hands washed, and your frock changed, and then you may come and sit with Mr. Stevens while I dress for dinner."

So Conny ran off, and I was left with Madeline, with the warm glow of the nursery fire throwing red lights on her brown hair, and brightening her sweet face into new beauty. At such a moment, who could have believed she was a coquette, before whose witchery young and old fell alike, fondly believing the while they had "made an impression?" Long I sat thus, drinking in long draughts of happiness, building castles of colossal hight, all to be inhabitted by one enchantress, whose wickedness took the form of beauty, whereby she entangled the hearts of men, wooing them to love her by her gentleness, driving them to madness by the laugh in her eyes. But this beautiful witch had said that she loved me, had promised to come and live in my fine castles, and inhabit my high towers, and from henceforth the sole responsibility of controlling her, rested with me and my restraining hand. And I was no ways afraid. Love is a strong subduer; now, sitting beside me, her hands clasped in mine, and her blue eyes watching my castles fade and die out in the fire, Prior was as far from her thoughts as from those of little Conny, who, in white frock and colored ribbons, had returned from ablutions as fresh and as bright as a daisy, and was now standing beside me, watching our quiet happiness with some impatience and a little scorn.

"Poor Con," said Madeleine, rousing a little, and blushing under the child's scrutiny; "how stupid we all are, arn't we? I should soon have gone to sleep if you had not come in. I think it must be the tea; that and the fire combined. How are you going to amuse Mr. Stevens while I am dressing for dinner?

"I shall show him things," said Conny, promptly. And Madeline left me to amusement.

"Now for the story," I said, drawing Conny, two puzzles and a toy pump up to a place on my knee, and stroking her curls. "What is it to be about? I can tell you a story about anything you like," I declared reshly; and Conny instantly put me to open shame.

"Then tell me," she said, holding on by her pump, and settling herself into a position of perfect ease, with a delighted consciousness that it would be beyond my powers, "tell me the story Madelene tells me the nights you don't come here."

I was completely taken aback. Some story of Madeleine's? Madeleine, whose brilliant imagination could keep Conny quiet for an hour together?"

"You would never guess, I see," said Conny, "what it is, and if you don't guess, you can't, of course, tell it. Shall I tell it to you instead? I know it now as well as Madeleine, I think."

"You have heard it very often, then?"

"Very often," assented Conny; "every night when you do not come here, Madeleine comes and sits in that low chair, and takes me on her lap. She turns up her pretty gray silk, you know, for fear I should crease it, and I sit on her petticoat, and she tells me the story."

"Always the same one?"

"Always the same," said Conny, shaking her curls, "but I don't get tired, it's so pretty, and the end is different sometim s."

"The end is different, Conny?"

"There are two ends!" said Conny, explaining; "one is very pretty indeed. Madeleine likes that one best. I think she tells it oftenest, but sometimes she tells the other end, and then she is so quiet and grave, and once when I kissed her her face was all wet."

"I am afraid it will be too sad, Conny; I think I'll hear the other end first. Begin, please."

"Well, don't wiggle," said Conny, evidently beginning from the usual starting point, and the story was commenced.

"Once upon a time," said Conny, "there was a young lady who had two lovers, one very good, and one very bad. They were both very fond of her and very polite." (Conny's notion of love making was politeness carried to its extreme limit.) "And she liked them both, one in her heart, and one in her manner."

Here Conny gave a little gasp. "Do you like it?" she asked.

"Exceedingly," I assured her; "but I don't understand, Conny, 'and one in her manner.' That was rather odd, wasn't it?"

"*I* thought so," said Conny, doubtfully, "but Madeleine said 'No, it often happened.' And I suppose *she* knows."

"Probably," I agreed; and the story went on.

"The good one, the one she liked in her heart you know, had to go away for a long time, where he could not see her at all. And while he was gone the bad one came in and brought her books—story-books, I suppose,—and gave her a paint-box, and a dog with a collar, and went out for rides with her, and took her at night to hear music. Very polite, wasn't it?"—Conny looked up in my face, and didn't understand the expression she saw there.

"You don't like it," she said; "I shall leave off."

"I *do* like it Conny; it's my back that makes me look so. Go on dear. I want to hear the end. What did the young lady do? Take the things he brought her? Enjoy the rides and the music? Throw the obscent one over?"

"I don't understand you," said Conny, in her most sensible manner. "How *could* she throw him over when he was away; and what should she throw him *over*? Very silly!" Having expressed her opinion, Conny went quickly on, that she might not be blamed for having given it.

"Well. He talked, and talked (the bad one did), and said such nice things, that sometimes he didn't seem bad at all, Medeline said; though he always was really, you know. And she could not help liking him very much, and thinking it would be very pleasant to have all her beautiful things for her very own, and go and live with him in his fine large house. Did I tell you he wanted her to go and live with him?" asked Cony, breaking off.

"To end, Conny; did she say she would?"

"Why, no," said Conny, at once sensibly, and with impatience; "that would'nt have been ending happily, would it, when the other one was good? He was the best fellow in the world, Madeline said."

"Goodness is not always appreciated."

There was bitterness in my tone, and Conny lifted the pump in reproof.

"Always," she said, "when things end happily."

She had no intention of moralizing, but imagined she was stating a fact.

"Well, Conny?"

"Well, she thought all this, till she remembered the other one, and how fond he was of her, and how polite he had always been, though he had not nearly such beautiful things as the bad one had, which, of course, prevented him from being as polite as could have been wished. When she remembered this, she told the bad one he might live in his fine house himself, and keep all his beautiful things" (here Conny got considerably excited; she spoke with flushing eyes, and hands that gesticulated, dealing me blows with her puzzle and pump), that she did'nt want them, and would'nt live with him, because she loved the good one better than she had ever, ever loved him. And so do I," said Conny, winding up rather abruptly, and siding with virtue. "Isn't it pretty?"

The pull was so very sudden that I was not prepared with an eulogium.

"Don't you like it?" asked Conny, disappointed at my silence. "It's so pretty when Madeleine tells it, and much longer. I think I spoilt it with my words."

"Like it? It's perfectly charming. I was thinking it over, Con, dear. I should like to have the other end now."

"I always say, 'If you're not tired,'" said Conny, suggesting.

I repeated the formula, and was indulged directly.

"The other end is pretty, but very sad. When the good one came back, he found that the beautiful young lady—Madeleine didn't say she was beautiful, but I like to think that she was—had—gone—so—far—with—the—bad—one" (the words came very slowly here; Conny was evidently speaking from memory)—the "that—there—was—no—*drawing back.*"

"What happened then?" I asked; for the soft voice broke off suddenly."

"I don't know," said Conny, looking frightened, "I'm afraid she forgot the good one, and went to live in the big house, among all the fine things, and that they did not make her happy, for Madeleine cries so—at least she does sometimes—and sometimes she only kisses me, and sings till I go off to sleep in her arms, such pretty sad songs."

There were no red flashes from the fire now; the room was fast filling with shadows.

"Isn't that sad?" whispered Conny, clinging to me a little, not liking the silence, and secretly afraid of the dark.

"Very sad."

"It doesn't do to mind it, though," she said, trying to combine consolation with sense, "because it's only a story, and not really true, you know. I don't suppose there ever was a beautiful young lady with one bad and one good; and, you know, there were two ends, and I mean to believe the happy one. Won't you?"

"Dinner, Jack!" said a beautiful young lady in a gray silk dress; and I rose at the sound of her voice.

The dinner was perfection; all my favorite dishes had been thought of. Never had I seen Prior to such advantage. He monopolized Mr. Flutters, and rarely approached the silk dress. Madeleine and I had it all to ourselves. And, charming as she always was, she was more than ever so this evening; happy, I suppose, in the consciousness of her singular beauty, set off to so much advantage by the gray gown, the falling lace of which showed her white shoulders and pretty round arms uncovered.

"Papa," said Madeleine, when dinner was half over, taking a rose from a vase and fastening it into her belt, and looking at it a moment; "isn't Splutters late?"

Splutters was a family only boy, so called by a facetious uncle.

"Is master Tom in, John?"

"Just in sir," said the butler, grinning a little; but he's all over green paint. He must have knocked up against somethiug, I think. He's gone up stairs to change his things. I was to tell you, Miss; and he'd come in to dessert with Miss Constance."

"Dessert!" said Prior. "I know very little of Tom, if dessert will do for him." And Madeleine piled up a plate of solids for Splutters.

Presently the door of the room opened with a rush, and the hope of the house walked in, followed by the second Miss Flutters without her pinafore.

Conny pushed a chair between me and her sister; Splutters planted himself beside me, and stared at Prior. "Late again, Splutters," said his father. "Take your elbows off the table, sir, and don't stare."

"Cold!" observed Splutters, discontentedly, making digs at the solids with his fork. "Cold greens and lukewarm pie! Who's goin to eat that, I wonder?"

"I'm glad it's cold," returned his father; "if you can't come in, in time for dinner, you don't deserve to get any. No, Madeleine, he shan't have it warmed;" for Madeleine was looking piteous, and commenced an order to the butler.

"It'll not hurt him, Miss Flutters," said Prior. I've often gone without a dinner myself before this; it'll do him no harm."

"O, won't it?" burst out Splutters, delighted to have some one to pitch into. "How do *you* know? Who are you, I should like to know, putting in *your* oar? You think yourself very grand, I dare say. Nobody else does."

"If you're going to be impertinent, Splutters, leave the room," said Mr. Flutters.

"He's so precious cheeky," Splutters explained,—"come bothering here every day, and ordering me about! I've had about enough of him. What does he mean by it? Madeleine don't want his books, nor him either. Stevens is worth three of him."

"Be quiet, Tom, this minute," flushed Madeleine, turning as red as the rose in her belt.

"Tom's a very naughty boy, isn't he, pet?" asked Mr. Flutters of his youngest daughter, who had listened to this edifying scene with praiseworthy attention, and had brought her whole intellect to bear upon it.

"Very," returned Conny. "I don't like Mr. Prior myself, but Splutters shouldn't talk so."

And Conny swept herself and her sister out of the room.

All this was damping. We were so very dull, that Prior, who was easily bored, preferred the society of the ladies, and absconded to the drawing-room, whither I should certainly have followed him had not Mr. Flutters (who had as much tact as could have been expected from the father of such a boy as Tom) been so very anxious to know the exact point to which stupidity could carry me on the subject of "Reform," that, without positive incivility, I found it impossible to leave him. When, however, it had been clearly proved what a fool I was, there seemed nothing further for which to remain, and I left my future father-in-law to discuss the affairs of the nation with his son.

The evening passed quietly enough, enlivened by snatches of songs from Madeleine, who seemed too restless to go steadily through anything, but made the room sweet with beginnings and ends. Tea was placed on the table, and I completely swamped myself in that liquid, Madeleine holding the uncomfortable theory that the more domestic a man was, the more tea he would necessarily take into his system; so Prior and I ran a race for reputation, and Prior won by a cup.

"Going my way," said that hero at length, admiring his hands in lavender kids, and then generously offering them all round.

I assured him I was not; so, looking surprised, he took his departure.

"Mr Stevens," said Madeleine, in a low chair, quiet and grave, like the heroine of Conny's story, when she had made up her mind, it would be very pleasant to have beautiful things for her very own: "I have made a mistake."

I thought the assertion so very likely to be correct, that I made no attempt at contradiction.

"While you have been away," said Madeleine, telling a story I had heard before, "Mr. Prior made love to me, as I told you. I tried at first to prevent him, and, indeed, he knew I was engaged to you, but he went on all the same. He brought me all the last new novels, and—"

"And gave you a paint-box, and a dog with a collar, and took you at night to hear music?"

The words were Madeleine's and she recognized them at once for her own.

"You know all!" she said. And there was silence between us. "Can you frogive me?" she said at length, nestling up to my arms, and laying her bright head down on my coat. "I'm so sorry, Jack! I can't think what made me do so, for I knew all along he could never make me happy, for I love you—"

"Better than you could ever, ever, ever love him!" I said. "Conny told me so. O Madeleine, darling, this is much the prettier ending of the two!"

Madeleine seemed to think so also. She smiled through her tears, and looked up at me from under her eyelashes.

"I'm so sorry," she said again.

I instantly said I was sorry to (that being the correct thing to say under the circumstances.)

"O, my eye, what a game it is!" said Splutters, with his usual tact, bursting into the room at breakneck speed. "There's been such a jolly row! The governor's been pitching into Prior about coming here, and Prior says he's 'left forever!' Ain't it fun? It's an awful sell, though," said Splutters, suddenly with a face that had lengthened considerably. "Prior was going to have given me silk-worms."

"Talking of pets," I said, carelessly, trying to attract Splutters into friendship, but scrupulously addressing Madeleine: "I am quite overrun with them, you know. I have so many dormice I don't know what to do with them; and as to my guinea-pig—but him, of course, I must get rid of."

"Give it us," said Tom, speaking in the plural, but by no means intending that Madeleine should share in the gift; and Splutters and I were friends forever.

So happily the weeks went on to the eve of my wedding-day. It was getting dusk, and I was sitting by the fire in the dear old drawing-room, holding Madeleine's little hand in mine, and gazing at the sweet face that was so soon to belong to my wife; when to-morrow's little bridesmaid appeared at the door, in a whith frock, and with long white mists floating backward from her pretty curls.

"How very nice, Conny!" I said, for she stood quite still to receive compliments; "very pretty, indeed, dear."

I rather wished she would go away, for I was enjoying a last *tete-a-tete* with Miss Flutters, and telling myself that to-morrow I should lose that young lady forever, and how would that feel! But Conny had caught sight of her sister down on the hearth rug, and sprang to her with a little cry of pain that made me feel a wicked brute, and completely upset poor Madeline.

"Hush, hush, darling," she said; "don't cry so, Conny. I shall soon be back, and then you're coming to stay with me, you know, and papa, and Splutters, and all."

But Conny had lost all her sense. She gave herself a little shake, and the frock and the mists were much injured.

"Conny," I said, taking her from her sister's arms white as the veil that now hung limp around her, wet with her tears, no longer an emblem of to-morrow's joy, "listen to me. You shall keep Madeleine. I'll not take her from you."

"O, hush, Jack," said Madeleine. "Poor little Conny!" But Conny herself looked up.

"Really?" she asked; "not a story?"

"You shall keep her," I said, "if you say so."

After this there was a pause, during which I gave vent to some very affecting sighs.

"What will you do?" asked Conny, at length, laying a caressing cheek against mine, and covering me up with her veil.

"I? O, I shall go away, Conny; the beautiful young lady won't come to me."

"Was that you?" asked Conny, in great surprise; "were you the good one, and was Madeleine the beautiful young lady? Oh!"

"How shall the story end, Conny?"

Conny looked up with a flush of her old quickness, but the dear head went down again on my shoulder.

"Shall I finish it, Conny?" said her sister, softly; and Conny's grasp tighted round my neck.

"Say, 'Yes,'" she whispered. So I said "Yes," and Madeleine finished the story.—*All the Year Round.*

A Midnight Council of War.

One of the best of the hitherto untold stories of the war, and now told most effectively, is the following sketch of the midnight council of Gen. Grant and his corps commanders, after the close of the first day's fighting in the Wilderness:

The result of the fierce conflict had been adverse to the army of the United States. General Lee had flung one wing of his army between our forces and the base of their supplies, which would require another battle to regain them. Each division and corps commander knew this sad condition of affairs. They were all summoned to a council of war to be held at the headquarters at 1 o'clock at night. They were the saddest steps ever taken by that band of devoted hearts. Fifteen thousand brave soldiers, dead or dying, or wounded, were lying on the field hard by.

One after another enter, and after making a noiseless salute silently took their seats. Gens. Schofield, Mead, Burnside, Sickles, Howard, and others, I believe were there. Not a word was spoken. A full half hour thus pased by. Their emotions were too deep for utterance. Hopes of millions hung on the decision of that council. At length General Grant asked each one in succession if they had any advice to proffer. Each one answered with a sad monosyllable, no! The commander then wrote a few lines, and handed the slip to Gen. Mead, and he retired. This was repeated until all were gone, and the general was left alone. One of the staff of a division commander, who was sick, was the last to retire, and he is authority for the above. All were ignorant of each other's order. They felt assured that retreat had been directed. Any other alternative would have been believed to be madness.

That they knew that the order had been given to advance, instant and universal mutiny would have been raised. That eloquent silence for which he has ever been noted, was the key to his success there.—The next morning each corps moved, and General Lee, the instant he perceived it, with vehemence exclaimed, "Our enemy have a leader at last, and our cause is lost." He had bid his officers the night before to let their soldiers sleep long; but now he saw the army whom he thought utterly defeated, moving round between him and his base of supplies. He hastened to begin retracing his course, and confessed to an artillery officer of the confederate army, that the doom of their cause was sealed.

What Working Men may Become.

It is not given to all to be masters of song, like Burns; of art, like Palissy or Gibson; of engineering skill, like Stephenson; of critical acumen, like Gifford; or of abstract science, like Ferguson or the elder Herschel; yet these, at first, were all poor or working men, who gained their education by their own efforts—who did battle with pinching poverty, lack of educational means, prejudice of class, and all those lions which stand in the way of men of weaker mould, who "let I dare not wait upon I would." All cannot be field-marshals in the army of life; but somewhat lower, yet very honorable grades have been obtained by men once in the ranks, who, while never for a moment despising the labor by which they gained honest bread, were not disposed to consider that working, easing and sleeping are all that is worth living for. Their daily labor honestly and intelligently performed, they felt themselves to be free citizens of the empire of thought, in which true men take rank according to what they essentially are, quite independently of the conditions of their life. When the sunshines, it shines for all, bird or laborer; and the precious instincts which make men belive in good and beautiful things, treasure up and nourish the suggestions of universal nature, and cultivate the talents entrusted to their care, are bestowed as impartially as the sunshine. Look into any biographical dictionary, and you will see how little the circumstances of early life have been able to impede the careers of really great men. Real mental energy soon masters them, and makes them even subservient to its will.—*Working Man.*

Scientific Miracles.

Professor Doremus of New York, recently delivered a lecture in which, as we learn from the Druggists' Circular, he introduced several illustrations of the constitution of gun cotton. The lecturer once placed a linen handkerchief in an explosive condition, and then had it thrown into the wash. His servant girl washed, dried and sprinkled it ready for ironing, without her being aware of its character. The moment she placed the hot iron on the handkerchief, it vanished into thin air, much, of course, to the astonishment of Bridget. Had such a thing occurred before the principles of science were so generally understood as they now are, it would have been attributed to supernatural agency.

A Californian country gentleman, with his two sons went to Marysville to get their pictures taken. In order to have the boys properly prepared he asked for a basin of water to wash their faces. The artist informed the customer that he would find a wash-dish in the other room, and he retired and gave both boys a clean wash. After the pictures were taken it was noticed that the lads began to grow black in the face, and continued to get blacker and blacker. The true state of the case immediately occurred to the operator—the boys had washed their faces in the wrong dish, a basin of chemicals prepared for pictures. There was no remedy then for the accident. The silver wash was turning the faces of the boys blacker and blacker, and there was no other way than to let the chemicals perfect the work. The gentleman left with his boys, and by the time he reached home his wife had two fine mulatto children.

The Editorial Treadmill.

The burdens of newspaper life are thus pointedly set forth in the *Home Journal:*

It is one of the hardships of our profession that its working wheels—brains and heart—are not allowed to lag for sickness, or to stop for calamity or sorrow.—The judge may adjourn his court, the school and the workshop may close shutters, the mourner may veil his features and turn friend and stranger from the door; but the journalist may forget before to-morrow the sorrows of to-day, must write gayly and freshly, as a newsmonger, on the trifle of the hour, whatever burden has been laid upon that same hour, by Providence or his brains as a man. It sometimes tries and mocks as the world that reads what is thus written would never dream of. The public looks upon an editor's labors as the Indian did upon the man that was cutting hay. He finally gave in his opinion that it was "easy to see the white man mow."

☞Mr. Burton, in his very pleasant book, *The Scot Abroad*, gives us some examples of the wit and good breeding of Lord Stair, the Ambassador. One of these, Mr. Burton tells us, "rests on his remarkable resemblance to the Regent Orleans, who, desiring to turn a scandalous insinuation or jest on it, asked the Ambassador if his mother had ever been in Paris?" The answer was, "No; but my father was!' "There is perhaps," it is added, "no other report on record so effective and so beautifully simple. If the question meant anything, that meaning was avenged; if it meant nothing, there was nothing in the answer."

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